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The Bucks County Gazette.

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Philadelphia.

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Country Stores supplied with
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EFFECTS INSURANCE on Real and Personal Property, on the strictly mutual principle, in Bristol and parts adjacent.
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Bought and sold on Commission.
Accounts of Banks, Bankers and Individuals received on favorable terms. 8

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WANTED MEN. 18 elegant Oil Chromos, 2¼ ft. long, and 18 choice pieces of music free, a 16 page paper beautifully illustrated. Mr. Burger earned $56 in two days. Agents average $17 daily. Address, INTERNATIONAL SCRAP BOOK, Philadelphia. 40

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J. Wesley Wright,
NEXT TO CANAL BRIDGE,
Mill Street,
BRISTOL, PA.,
Begs leave to announce to his many friends and patrons, that he is now ready to commence the

1877. FALL CAMPAIGN. 1877.

Having just received a large invoice of CHOICE FABRICS, suitable for this season's wear.

Comprising some of the Latest Novelties in

Dress Goods
AT VERY LOW PRICES!

BLACK ALPACAS, MERINOES AND CASHMERES.
Black Alpacas, Merinoes and Cashmeres.
Black Alpacas, Merinoes and Cashmeres.
Black Alpacas, Merinoes and Cashmeres.

Black Cashmere at 40c. yard.
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Black Alpaca, (good) at 25c. yard.
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Large variety of Latest Novelties and Shades in Dress Goods, from 20c. to 50c. yard.

A LARGE LINE OF DOMESTICS.

Muslins and Calicoes.
MUSLINS AND CALICOES,
MUSLINS AND CALICOES,
MUSLINS AND CALICOES,
By the yard or piece, at very low prices.

Good Cotton Flannels, at 8c. yard.
Good Cotton Flannels, at 10c. yard.
Good Cotton Flannels, at 12½c. yard.
Good Cotton Flannels, at 15c. yard.
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BLANKETS, QUILTS & COMFORTABLES.
BLANKETS, QUILTS & COMFORTABLES.
BLANKETS, QUILTS & COMFORTABLES.
BLANKETS, QUILTS & COMFORTABLES.

Our stock of
WHITE WOOL BLANKETS,
Finer than ever before, at prices that cannot fail to suit.

WOOLENS! WOOLENS!
WOOLENS! WOOLENS!
WOOLENS! WOOLENS!
WOOLENS! WOOLENS!
For Men's and Boy's Wear.

LADIES' CLOAKING in large variety.
WATER PROOFS in Black, Brown and Blue.

Flannels! Flannels!
A full assortment in Scarlet Grey and White Shaker Medicated, Opera and Plaid.

Ladies', Gents' and Children's Merino Underwear,
Ladies', Gents' & Children's Merino Underwear.
Ladies', Gents' & Children's Merino Underwear.
Ladies', Gents' & Children's Merino Underwear.
Will open this week a large invoice of these goods at extremely low prices.

Laces, Fringes, Ties and Ruffles.
LACES, FRINGES, TIES AND RUFFLES.
LACES, FRINGES, TIES AND RUFFLES.
LACES, FRINGES, TIES AND RUFFLES.

GLOVES and HANDKERCHIEFS.
GLOVES AND HANDKERCHIEFS.
GLOVES AND HANDKERCHIEFS.
GLOVES AND HANDKERCHIEFS.

FINE GERMANTOWN WOOL.
FINE GERMANTOWN WOOL.
FINE GERMANTOWN WOOL.
FINE GERMANTOWN WOOL.

BERGMAN'S ZEPHYRS.
BERGMAN'S ZEPHYRS.
BERGMAN'S ZEPHYRS.
BERGMAN'S ZEPHYRS.

LADIES' UNDER GARMENTS.
LADIES' UNDER GARMENTS.
LADIES' UNDER GARMENTS.
LADIES' UNDER GARMENTS.
Ladies' Night Dresses, Chemises, Drawers, Corset Covers and Infant's Slips.

Table Linens, Towelling and Napkins, Floor and Table Oil Cloth, Window Shades and Carpets.

Oil Cloths 4-4, 5-4, 6-4 and 8-4 wide.

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,
In large variety, consisting of China, Stone and Glass Ware, Tubs, Buckets and Baskets.

Fine Groceries at City Prices.
FINE GROCERIES AT CITY PRICES.
FINE GROCERIES AT CITY PRICES.
FINE GROCERIES AT CITY PRICES.

At
J. WESLEY WRIGHT'S,
Next to Canal Bridge,
MILL STREET, BRISTOL.

A LITTLE ELBOW ROOM.

Good friends, don't crowd so very tight,
There's room enough for two;
Keep in your mind that I've a right
To live, as well as you.
You rich and strong, I poor and weak;
But think you I presume,
When only this poor boon I ask—
A little elbow room:

'Tis such as you, the rich and strong,
If you had but the will,
Could give the weak a lift along,
And help him up the hill.
But no—you jostle, crowd and drive,
You storm, you fret and fume;
Are you the only man alive
In want of elbow room?

But thus it is on life's rough path,
Self seems the god of all;
The strong will crush the weak to death,
The big devour the small.
Far better a rich man's hound—
A valet, serf or groom;
Than struggle 'midst the mass around
When we've no elbow room.

Up heart! my boy! don't mind the shocks;
Up heart, and push along!
Your skin will soon grow tough with knocks,
Your limbs with labor strong.
And there's a hand unseen to aid,
A star to light the gloom;
Up heart, my boy, nor be afraid,
Strike out for elbow room.

And when you see, amid the throng,
A fellow toiler slip,
Just give him, as you pass along,
A brave and kindly grip,
Let noble deeds, though poor you be,
Your path in life illume,
And with true Christian charity,
Give others elbow room.

In struggling on with might and main
An altered, better man,
Grown wise with many a bygone pain,
And many a broken plan,—
Though bruised by many a luckless fall,
And blinded by the gloom,
I'll up and I'll redeem it all,
But give me elbow room.

From the Boston Transcript.

AN HOUR WITH LISZT.

What Charming Experience the Young Author of "One Summer" had at Weimar.

How much more some of us get than we deserve! A pleasure has come to us unsought. It came knocking at our door seeking entrance, and we simply did not turn it away. It happened in this fashion: A friend had been visiting Liszt in Weimar, and happened to mention us to the great master, who promised us a gracious reception should we ever appear there. To Weimar then we came, and the gracious reception we certainly had to our satisfaction and lasting remembrance.

After sending our cards and receiving permission to present ourselves at an appointed and early hour, we drove to the small, cozy house occupied by Liszt when here, on the outskirts of the garden of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and were ushered by his Italian valet into a comfortable, cozy, homelike apartment, where we sat awaiting the great man's appearance. Wide casements opened upon a stretch of lawn and noble old trees, easy-chairs and writing-tables, manuscript music with the pen lying carelessly beside it, masses of music piled up on the floor, a row of books there too, a grand piano and an upright one, a low dish of roses on the table, a carpet, which is not taken as granted here as with us—altogether the easy, friendly look of a cottage drawing-room at home where people have a happy use of pleasant things.

He entered the room after a few minutes, and greeted us with a charming amiability for which we inwardly blessed the absent friend. Of course everybody knows how he looks—tall, thin, with long white hair; a long, black, robe-like coat, being an *abbe;* long, slight, sensitive hands; a manner used to courts, and a smile and grace rare in a man approaching seventy. He spoke of Anna Mehlig and of several young artists just beginning their career, whom we personally know. Very graciously he mentioned Miss Cecilia Gaul, of Baltimore; spoke kindly of Miss Anna Bock, one of the youngest and most diligent of artists, and most forcibly, perhaps, of Hermann, like Anna Mehlig a pupil of Sebert in the Stuttgart Conservatory. "There is something in the young man," he said with emphasis. So he chatted in the most genial way of things great and small, as if he were not one of the world's geniuses and we two little insignificent nobodies sitting before him overcome with a consciousness of his greatness and our nothingness, yet quite happy and at ease, as every one must be who comes within the sphere of his gracious kindliness.

Suddenly he rose and went to his writing-table, and with one of his long, sweet smiles, so attractive in a man of his age—but why shouldn't a man know how to smile long, sweet smiles, who has had innumerable thrilling romantic experiences with the sex that has always adored him?—he took a bunch of roses from a glass on his table and brought it to us. Whether to kiss his hand or fall on our knees we did not quite know; but America being less given than many lands to emotional demonstration, we smiled back with composure and appeared no doubt as if we were accustomed from earliest youth to distinguished marks of favor from the world's great ones. But the truth is we are not! And these roses which stood on Liszt's writing-table by his MS. music, presented by the hand that has made him famous, are already pressing and will be kept among our Penates, except one perhaps that will be distributed leaf by leaf to hero-worshipping friends, with date and appropriate inscriptions on the sheet where it rests. How amiable he was indeed! The roses were much, but something more was to come. The Meister played to us. For this we had not even dared hope during our first visit. No one, of course, ever asks him to play, and whether he does or not, depends wholly on his mood. It was beautiful to sit there close by him, the soft lawn and trees framed by the open casement making a background for the tall figure, the long, peculiar hands wandering over the keys, the face full of intellect and power. And how he smiles as he plays! We fancied at first in our simplicity that he was smiling at us, but later it seemed merely the music in his soul illuming his countenance. His whole face changes and gleams and grows majestic, revealing the master spirit as his hands caressed while they mastered the keys.

With harrowing experiences of the difficulty of Liszt's compositions, we anticipated as he began something that would thunder and crash and teach us what pigmies we were; but as an exquisite, soft melody filled the air, and tones came like whispers to our ears, and a theme drawn with a tender, magical touch, brought pictures and dreams of the past before us, we actually forgot where we were, forgot that the white-haired man was the famous Liszt, forgot to speak as the last faint chord died away, and sat in utter silence, quite lost to our surroundings, with unseeing eyes gazing out through the casement.

At last he rose, took our hands kindly and said, "That is how I play when I play badly. I am suffering from a cold at present."

We asked if he had been improvising or if what he played were already printed.

"It was only a little nocturne," he said.

"It sounded like a sweet remembrance."

"And was that," he replied cordially.

Then fearing to disturb him too long, and feeling we had been crowned with favors, we made our adieux, receiving a kind invitation to come the following day and hear the young artists who cluster around him summers here, some of whom he informed us played "*famos.*" And after we had left him, he followed us out to the stairway to repeat his invitation and say another gracious word or two. And we went off to drive through Weimar, and only half observe its homely, pleasant streets, its flat, uninteresting, yet friendly aspect, its really charming park—so Lisztified we were, as a friend calls our state of mind.

The place has indeed little to charm the stranger now, except the memories of Goethe and Schiller, and all the famous literary stars who once made it glorious—and the presence of Liszt. B. W. H.

A PRAYER THAT COUNTED.—A Connecticut clergyman once preached on the miracle of Gadara, where the exorcised devils entered the herd of swine, and after the sermon asked a young man in the audience if he was a Christian. "No," said he, "but I am all right; I am perfectly safe now." "How so?" says Mr. F. "Why," said the youth, "you have just told us that the devils were all drowned: so we are no longer in danger." Mr. F. knelt close by the young man and offered a very earnest prayer, as follows: "O Lord, we read in thy Word that the swine all ran down into the sea, and we supposed they were all drowned, but it seems one hog swam ashore, and he is here right before me. Lord, cast the devil out of him." The result was the conversion of the young man, who became a very efficient Christian worker.

The back of summer has been broken by the fall.

THE BILLIARD CLUB.

CHAPTER I.

What a strange commotion has prevailed in the house all day!—servants hurrying hither and thither, young people nailing up elaborate devices in ivy and holly, mysterious packages from town being opened, and even hampers of borrowed silver and crystal coming in from our neighbors across the Downs. It reminds one of the noise and bustle that reign in a theatre when the last rehearsals of a pantomime are being pushed forward; and our stage-manager—she is about five feet three, with a Tower of Babel on her head, and a white rose near her neck—keeps whipping about from room to room, making everybody fly before her, as if she were a combination of several whirlwinds. But when she comes into this particular room, it is to be observed that there is on her face a subdued expression of triumph and revenge, which is not in consonance with wifely sentiment.

"Will it please your Most Gracious Majesty"—this is the way in which it is safest to address Queen Tita when she is in a hurry—"to tell me how much wine you women and children are likely to drink to-morrow night?"

"As there are to be no gentlemen of the party," she says, with perfect sweetness, "I think you need not fear leaving us the key of the cellar."

She is off again in a moment. It is always the way with those women. Before you have your answer ready (and, of course, you wish to give it due consideration, lest it should cause pain) they are round the corner, through the hall, and pretending to count bonbons on the dining-room side-board. This particular young person never admits that she says anything rude or impertinent; or calculated to annoy; but somehow, just after uttering a little sentence or two, she has a trick of disappearing suddenly, leaving the conversation to be continued in our next. What could any one say to the insinuation about the wine consumed by one's gentlemen friends at dinner.

And here it may be necessary to explain why, with all these preparations going forward, our party to-morrow is to consist exclusively of women and children. 'Tis a sad story, but it shall be told without concealment or extenuation. We are a small community down here in Surrey, consisting of half a dozen families, and pretty well thrown in upon ourselves for amusement and social recreation. We dine at each other's houses; we listen to each other's wives singing all the well-known songs over again; we fall asleep in the drawing-room; and are then woke up to be driven home to bed. This form of existence is highly moral and proper; but it is not exciting. In the summer time, of course, we have our walks by the ide of the Mole—a stream whose calm and gentle current admirably typifies the life of those who live on its banks—or we can go up on the Downs, or even muster courage to ascend Box-Hill. But on these winter evenings one begins to tire of the pattern of the paper in one's friends' drawing-rooms. You wish that the lady who complains that she cannot sing the old songs would give over trying. The pulse refuses to be stirred even with the excitement of playing *vingt-et un* for counters at a shilling a gross. Stereoscopes, backgammon, photographs, all the old devices—vanity, vanity, nothing but vanity. As for conversation, it is impossible to get beyond gabble, except when the Major grows angry over the fate of Arthur Orton.

This had been going on for a long time, when an evil notion entered into the heart of one of us husbands, who forthwith proposed that we should have a billiard-table bought and sent down from London. Oddly enough, not one of us possessed that indispensible addition to a country-house. This same tempter also proposed that, as it would be unfair to our wives that we should always be playing billiards after dinner, two nights in the week, Monday and Thursday, should be set apart for the purpose. No sooner was the scheme mooted than it was adopted. The details were settled off-hand. The Major offered us a large unoccupied room over his coach-house; we were to club together for the cost of the table, the fittings, and lamps. And just as some little compensation to our wives, and so as not to be away from them the whole evening, we were to give dinner in turn on these two evenings, the women would be left together while we drove up to the Major's, and, of course, we should be back in time to take them home. In return for his other good offices, the Major, who was the only unmarried man in the plot, was to be let off that dinner when it came to his turn.

All this was satisfactorily settled one evening over our cigars; and then some one airily asked who would explain the project to the inhabitants of the drawing-room when we went in there.

Each looked at the other, as if such a trifling duty might be undertaken by anybody. Nobody volunteered. Then the gentleman who is known in the neighborhood as the Squire, and who is portly of person and red of face, suggested that the youngest of us, being most likely to propitiate the ladies, should be our ambassador.

The youngest of us happens to be a Prussian gentleman, who certainly exhibits no cowardice when he is out with the hounds; but on this occasion he showed an amount of fright that was painful to contemplate. He begged to be let off. He could not explain. His English was not ready enough if he got into a difficulty; but would not the Major now—?

At this we all agreed that the Major should undertake the duty. Of course he ought. We were so much indebted to him already; and this would put the climax on his services. The Major, who is a very small, thin man, with white hair and mustache, pulled up his shirt-collar, and looked very stiff. From that moment be maintained a dead silence until we went into the drawing-room.

A more ghastly exhibition than the pretended hilarity of this old man, when he was addressing these five women, I have never witnessed. He tried to persuade them that it was for their amusement that the billiard-table was to be brought down; and he jocularly asked them whether they would not, on the whole, prefer to be left by themselves on these two evenings, to hear the news from each other without disturbance. But the more he perceived that they did not enter into the spirit of the joke the redder his face grew; and he might have incurred appoplexy in his embarrassment had not the youngest of the wives—the whole of us are secretly in love with her, but no matter—suddenly called out:

"Oh, you wicked creatures! who put such a notion into your heads?"

You may be sure it was an ingenious young thing who uttered such an exclamation. The other wives—older hands all of them—were far more diplomatic. When the first stare of astonishment was over, they pretended to be vastly interested in the project. Was it the Major who was going to give the billiard-table house-room? How kind of the Major! There was no real reason, they supposed, why the game of billiards should be associated with pot-houses, gambling, and low persons? Doubtless that was merely a vulgar prejudice. People frequently quarrelled over billiards, did they not? Perhaps that was an exaggeration.

So far, well. The less experienced of the married men thought the difficulty had been got over beautifully; and the Major was very proud of the success of his eloquence. He hastened to assure the ladies that there was no reason whatsoever why they should not occasionally come and see us play, if only they did not mind the fumes of the lamps and the tobacco. They might even, if they chose, teach themselves to play pool, if they were not afraid to lose a few shillings. All this courtesy on the Major's part was apparently amply returned. They paid him every attention; they almost seemed delighted with the proposal. But one or two of us, having some experience, feared this unnatural calmness. The weather was too fine; presently the little cloud would arise at the horizon.

CHAPTER II.

These forebodings were speedily and fearfully realized; but in the meanwhile everything went smoothly. The big bare chamber up at the Major's was painted and decorated; hot-water pipes put in; a few pictures contributed by the rest of us; and in due course the table arrived from London, was screwed up, and made ready for use. It was really a very comfortable room; and we had a long couch placed on a platform at the upper end, so that if any fair ladies came to see the tournament they should be beyond reach of the cues. It now only remained to fix the first day for beginning; and the Squire volunteered to have the first dinner at his house.

Next day, however, a sinister rumor got abroad. Some one had met the Squire riding over to Epsom, and he was in a terrible rage, and swore that women were the plague of creation. It seems that when he announced his intention of having the dinner at his house, his wife replied calmly that she was very sorry, but she had already accepted an invitation to run down for a couple of days, just at that time, to see her grandmother at Brighton It was a pity, certainly, but we said the Squire would have his turn come round again.

What, however, was the matter with the women? Every one of them had an engagement for that Monday night. Then we began to see how matter lay. We were to be made the victims of a CONSPIRACY.

Should we submit to it? Never! The Squire made use of language that would have made you fancy some one had shot a fox ,in declaring that he would not yield to such tyranny. It was too bad. These women expected too much. Were we doomed forever to fall asleep in easy-chairs after dinner, listening in the idle chatter, and the indifferent singing of idiotic songs? He called their singing caterwauling. Some of us, who are rather proud of the singing of our wives, rather resented that term. But then the Squire was in a rage, and vowed that he would endure this sort of thing no longer. Then he asked why the Major had not explained the matter fully, so as to show those women that no harm was intended?

The Major is rather a timid person, and obviously got into a fright on finding himself between two fires. He had driven off the women, and was now confronted by the men. In eager haste he said there would be no difficulty about the matter; he would give us a dinner; his housekeeper would manage very well, and then we could inaugurate our Billiard Club. We were, of course, all too brave to refuse this challenge. It had come to our ears that, in the event of our dining on that Monday night anywhere but in our respective houses, the whole of the women had resolved to flock to one particular house, and dine by themselves.

Let them, we said! Better an open fight than the drudge of an ignoble servitude! Injustice grows apace, and tyranny is never satisfied. We cheered each other with heroic sentiments; we were more than ever friendly among ourselves; Spartans as we were, we would hold this Thermopylæ against all comers, our lives and liberty being the stake.

The fatal Monday night came round, and from each of these five houses arrived a solitary individual, scarcely knowing whether or not to take the thing *au grand serieux,* but feeling just a little uncomfortable. The women had entered into a compact among themselves to utter no word of protest. They would let us do just as we particularly pleased. While apparent confidence reigned in every household, on that one subject a solemn silence prevailed; so that it was quite impossible to explain. When you began to say that it was really a little unreasonable that so ordinary a thing as a game at billiards should be made a bone of contention, Five-Feet-Three would look up with a studied innocence in her big gray eyes, and ask you what you meant. A bone of contention?—there was no such thing. Of course, if we wanted to go and play billiards, we might do so. And then there would be a toss of the head, very perilous to the Tower of Babel on it; and Five-Feet-Three would walk off with much dignity; only that, in throwing a paper-knife on the table, why should it be flung down as if it had been trying to sting?

We had an excellent dinner at the Major's; and we vied with each other in expressing approval of the comfort of the arrangement. This was an example of what could be done by a good housekeeper. Could we have had as good a dinner at home? Certainly not! And where have you a chance of entertaining an agreeable little party of bachelors, if there's always a woman in the house who insists on sitting at the head of the table, who stops all the pleasant stories, and half expects you to incline your heads whenever the name of a bishop is mentioned?

Then we went to the billiard-room, and merely to prove the absolute innocence of the thing, we played pool with penny lives and threepence the game; that is to say, if you lost all your lives and took none you could only lose sixpence each game; but whether there was not a private arrangement here and there—an odd sovereign staked against a particular three lives by the owner of another three—why, that is a quite different and a private matter. It must be repeated that we played penny lives and threepence the game.

We finished by midnight, and then, before parting, some one asked what was to be done about the following Thursday. Oddly enough, no one volunteered to give that dinner which was to precede our adjournment to the billiard-room. In fact, it was broadly hinted that these five women would brave it out, and profess to have engagements on that evening also, and once more leave us to do what we particularly pleased.

"No," says one of us, "you do not think that? I am sure they will not be so foolish. It is we who are foolish, yes! that we do not try to persuade them."

The belief which that young Prussian has in the gentleness and good faith of women is amusing at times; but at other times it is positively irritating. If he was so sure that the women could be persuaded, why did he not offer to get his own wife to get us the dinner? She has not been married a couple of years and may have some trace of docility left.

CHAPTER III.

The end of this was, to cut a long story short, that we found those women resolved never to preside over a dinner party in their own house, nor to have anything whatever to do with it, so long as it was meant to be the preface to an evening at billiards. They made no other protest against our club; they simply would not recognize its existence. Well, what was left for us? I dare say some of those who have read these lines so far will at once answer that we ought directly to have secured peace and quietness by abandoning that wretched billiard-table. But perhaps my gentle reader has not lived on the banks of the Mole? It is all very well to abjure billiards and all other evil devices when you are in London, when you can dine with different people from night to night, when you can go to theatres, the opera, concerts, and Spiritualist *seance.* But what if you have to dine with the same set of people until you hate the sight of them? When you know the covert praises that will come out with that confounded Madeira, which must have made one voyage from the Cape because it was grown there? When one can't even go to sleep because of stormy battle-pieces played by the eldest daughter of the house, and of repeated appeals addressed by a lady at sea to a dove that is supposed to be perched on a rigging? "Gad, sir!" whispered the Squire one night, "if I could only find that pigeon flying about my lawn, and if I had a cartridge handy, I'd stop that woman's screeching for the brute mighty quick."

Moreover, if we surrendered on this point, where were we to stop? Should we by-and-by have to turn our breech-loaders into fire-irons, and give up our driving-gloves to let the servants scour the same? Nothing could be more unreasonable than their conduct about the billiard-table; and if they were allowed to begin in this way, what would be the end of it? All these things were pointed out in a Council of War, held after dinner one evening; and the result was that we each and all pledged ourselves to a No Surrender policy.

"It is they who are in the wrong; let them give in" said one, boldly—he seldom spoke with so much confidence in the presence of his wife.

"But if they are in the wrong, they will find it all the more difficult to give in—yes, that is certain," observed the young Prussian fellow, with a sigh. You see, he was married but a year and a half ago.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Major, "I have no wish to to interfere with the affairs of married people. I may be wrong, but I consider myself fortunate in being free from all cares of the sort."

"Hear, hear," said everybody.

"In any case, I do not wish to mix myself up with matrimonial squabbles, as I say. But, gentlemen, the duties of hospitality devolve upon me none the less. I can promise you that, as long as you like to come here of an evening, I'll give you as good a dinner as my cook can get for you; and I can't do any more. And with it you'll get a hearty welcome. But what I should like to impress on you is this, that it might be better—in fact I should greatly prefer it—the truth is, it would be a great obligation conferred on me if you would conceal the fact that this proposal came from me, You see I have the pleasure of knowing these ladies only as a friend or acquaintance. You can make up your quarrels with them; but if they fall out with me, what am I to do?"

At this point a whole storm of explanations burst forth. The Major was assured that all the ladies spoke of him in the highest possible terms. If he only knew what they said of him he would be vastly pleased; but, of course, there were things that couldn't be said to a man's face. He was quite right, too, in wishing his share in the matter kept dark. It was the least return we could give him for his kindness; and the only thing that was inadmissible was, that the Major should defray the cost of these big dinners. If the Major didn't mind, why should we not club in some manner for the dinner, as we had done for the billiard-table?

Let the married ladies who may read this true story ponder over this passage of it. They may see what mischief may arise from an ill-judged opposition to social and conjugal liberty.

Here were five husbands and a bachelor, who merely meant to have an occasional game at billiards; opposition was drifting them into the formation of a CLUB.

Was it not apparent, moreover, on the face of it that other married men around us would soon hear of this bi-weekly Club dinner, and seek to join it? Then, as our number increased, we should have to find extended premises, and relieve the Major, so that we should end in building a Club-house. Then we should have a secretary, a steward, a French cook, and a staff of servants; we should have billiard-rooms, smoking-rooms, card-rooms, and what-not; we should gradually get to regard the place as a second and more comfortable home, where a man might read his "Quarterly" in peace, and have no bother about household arrangements.

It was all the fault of those five women. On each succeeding billiard night they dined by themselves; and we, whether around the Major's table, or up in the billiard-room, knew that these mistaken creatures were profoundly miserable. The little devices they used afterward to persuade us that they had enjoyed themselves were wretched failures. They took to composing elaborate little *menus,* and of course, by mere accident, one of these was sure to fall in our way. But didn't we know very well that women don't care for fine cookery, except to surprise each other, or gratify their guests? Of what use was it to invent names (always in ill-spelled French) for dishes which were as Dead Sea apples to them? They even went the length of putting down with each course its appropriate wine! Why, we knew that not one of the lot of them could tell the difference between Chablis and Sauterne; and that their opinions on the subject of Champagne were simply chaos so soon as they wandered away from the safe and sweet anchorage of a Roederer label.

But the worst was to come. One Sunday morning, a few of us met together on coming out of church, and were shaking hands and talking in a promiscuous heap. Suddenly the person whom me may call Queen Tita said to the youngest of all the wives,

"Oh, C., do you know that Christmas this year falls on a Thursday?"

Now the little woman, though she was laughing, meant no harm. Of course none of us intended to spend Christmas evening, Thursday or no Thursday in playing billiards. But this same B., being a young and gentle thing, was a little frightened, and looked in an anxious manner to her husband.

He, in his turn, not caring to speak for all the husbands (he is a Prussian and nervous about his English), looked in rather an appealing fashion to the Squire.

The Squire, being a little flustered by the announcement, instinctively turned to his wife.

Now, the Squire's wife is a most deplorable woman.

"Oh, Thursday, is it?" she said, suddenly firing up. "And I suppose they mean to play billiards? Well, let them! They have forsaken their homes and families long enough—we have got accustomed to it—let them play billiards, by all means."

I don't know what an *obus* is, but, if it is anything worse than a bombshell, it was an *obus* that this unhappy woman exploded in our midst on that morning. For she forthwith appealed to her fellow-conspirators; and they, challenged in public, could not well turn traitor. They said, in a cold and polite manner, that they would not seek to limit our pleasures. They could manage very well by themselves. Christmas night was chiefly devoted to children; and children were doubtless tiresome and uninteresting to gentlemen who preferred bachelor dinners and billiards.

Thus, you see, we were thrown into opposition, whether we liked it or no. They simply occupied the Treasury Bench; and left us to choose whether we should sit down opposite them or walk out. In the end, this conduct seemed to us so monstrous, outrageous, and unreasonable, that we resolved to take them at their word, and let them have it their own way. We should on Christmas night dine at the Major's as usual. Whether we played billiards or not was none of their business.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

RARITY.

In dreams I found a wondrous land
Radiant with roses on each hand.

No grasses, trees, nor shrubs were there,
But roses blooming everywhere.

Great velvet-petaled-blooms were these;
Red millions trembled in each breeze.

They swept toward the horizon's verge
In many a splendid ample surge;

They spread on all sides one intense
Monotony of magnificence.

Then suddenly, where my pathway ran,
Loomed the vague presence of a man.

And in his clasp, with strange delight,
I saw one daisy, glimmering white.

Such daisies bloom in slender sprays
By throngs among June's meadowed ways.

Yet all my soul, at this weird hour,
Leaned out to that one simple flower.

For chastely, delicately fair,
And, better still, supremely rare,

It wore a pastoral charm so sweet,
This lovely lissom Marguerite,

That seeing it was like dear repose
To me, whose whole heart loathed a rose.

BLASE AT EIGHT.—A correspondent from Long Branch says: I was much amused at the six o'clock breakfast. A little chap, about eight years of age, climbed into a chair at the table where I was sipping my matutinal coffee, and with the freedom of childhood, said, as he rubbed his hands. "It is very chilly this morning." I assented, and mildly suggested, "Little folks ought to be in bed yet," when he nearly upset not only my gravity, but my avoirdupois, by saying in a tone that was the perfection of young America, "Oh! I was at the hop last night, and couldn't rest. A cup of coffee will make me all right.' I bit my moustache to keep back the laugh, when he added, "One sees so much at a watering-place that one gets tired out during the season." I asked him anxiously "How often have you been here?" and with a yawn, politely hid with his hands, "Five years this season—I am tired of it." My conscience! the baby was absolutely *blase* at eight years old. He got his coffee, and mamma sailed in resplendant in fashionable attire, the left hand fingers invisible above the first joint for diamonds, and said: "Maurice, you had better eat something." "No, thank you ma, the coffee is enough. I will see the girls" (his sisters, I afterwards ascertained), and he marched out jauntily, as if this world had nothing worth seeing, and all enjoyment had, so far as he was concerned, been absorbed like the juice of an orange, and the peel was good for nothing.

A LAWYER'S SWEETHEART.—An unfortunate young lawyer was head-over-heels in love with a beautiful girl, and was about to be married to her. On the eve of the wedding-day he was called in to defend an awful miscreant—a man of thirty who had poisoned his mother and father. The case seemed a lost one, and when the prosecution had closed, the young lawyer was about giving up the struggle without an effort. Suddenly be perceives in the extremity of the court room his beloved and her parents, who had come to see what kind of stuff he was made of. The presence of the one he worships changes the train of thought. He feels that he must make a show of talent, and, beginning his argument, rises to the highest flight of eloquence. In a word, he succeeded in showing that the criminal was an upright, virtuous, and much-abused man, and obtained his acquittal. In the evening the lawyer with triumphant air called at the house of his future father-in-law, expecting that his success will insure him a warm reception. To his surprise he finds the young girl cold and her parents much embarrassed. He asks what this sort of reception means. "My friend," said he whom the young man had already begun to call father-in-law, "I must tell you—my daughter loves another." "Another! Who is the man?" "The good and virtuous man whom you to-day, by your eloquence, restored to society," replied the father.

Coeducation notes: Vessar College consumes 3,000 pounds of rare, rare beef and 1,500 pounds of young, young lamb every week.

THE INFLUENCE OF POETRY.

MISS CHARLOTTE L. FORTEN.

In these busy days of money getting, of political excitement, of mechanical invention, of scientific investigation and discovery, it sometimes seems that we are in danger of bestowing too little attention upon the things which especially soften and adorn life; the purely refining and beautifying influences. "Let us be practicable!" is the cry of the age, and there are many who incline to look somewhat scornfully upon the worship of the *beautiful,* and to bring against its votaries that gravest of charges, in their estimation—the charge of being impracticable. They do not pause to consider the uses of the beautiful; nor do they understand that it detracts nothing from the strength or usefulness of a character to be keenly susceptible to its influences.

The graven flowers that wreathe the sword
Make not the blade less strong.

Beauty, says Emerson, is the pilot of the young soul; and Goethe says, the beautiful is a manifestation of secret laws of nature, which but for this appearance, had been forever concealed from us.

Poetry, music, art and flowers; these are ministers of beauty, and feed its secret flame. They soothe, brighten and ennoble our lives,

And make the desert bloom with beauty vernal.
Until the earthly fades in the eternal.

All are unspeakably helpful and valuable to us, but the most precious of all is poetry; which indeed seems to include all the others. We have music in its *rhythm,* pictures in its descriptions which no painter's hand can surpass, spirituality in its essence as subtle, as evasive, penetrating as the loveliness and fragrance of flowers. There is nothing except love, divine love, and the very highest human love, which is at once so soothing and so inspiring, so consoling and so elevating. Therefore, poetry should be made the daily friend and companion of our lives, and the study of it one of the most important of our branches of education. I would have the mother repeat nursery rhymes to her child as soon as he is able to understand anything, and Mother Goose, of blessed memory, should be as familiar to him as household words, before he has learned the alphabet. As soon as his young mind is able to comprehend a higher order of verse—it is surprising at what an early age this is possible—he should be taught a little poem or stanza, whose meaning should be explained to him, and whose beauties should be clearly pointed out; thus we begin from the first to cultivate a love for the beautiful and the true, to fill his mind with noble thoughts, expressed in fitting words, to surround him with refining influences which in after life all the paltry stir and strife of the world will never be able to counteract. In the later life it is easy to continue a habit thus formed in childhood; and what a source of happiness and comfort it becomes. Whatever we may lose besides, of fortune or fame, or health or fireside, we have in the treasure-house of memory a supply that never fails. The wise, the wily, the brave, the heroic, the saintly and the pious, all have sung for our benefit, and in our minds their songs remain a joy forever. Fair spirit of poetry! A blessing unspeakable is she to man.

For his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.

How rich we are. We have a poet for every mood, and one poet for all moods—Shakespeare—the master singer of the world. He knew us far better than we know ourselves—all our littleness, all our worth. He has sounded every depth of our souls. The most gifted woman the world has ever seen describes him thus, in her "Vision of Poets:"

"There, Shakespeare, on whose forehead climb
The crowns of the world. Oh! eyes sublime,
With tears and laughter for all time."

Who has not felt every high aspiration encouraged and strengthened by the grand poetry of Milton—not only his greatest poem, but in many others. What a depth of faith and resignation he reveals to us in his noble sonnet on his blindness. What ideal friendship in the exquisite imagery of "Lycidas." Where shall we find a more charming companion for our joyous hours than "L'Allegro," or strains more congenial to our sadder moods than the plaintive music of "Il Penseroso."

Who has not dwelt with eager delight upon the glowing pages of the Wizard of the North, and lived over again the stirring scenes of Marmion, and seen every hill and vale, and mountain stream, so vividly described in the Lady of the Lake? Is not fair Ellen Douglas a living, breathing presence to us? Scott's description of her is one of the finest in the whole realm of poetry:—

A foot more light, a step more true
Ne'er from the heath flower dashed the dew,
E'en the light harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread.

To what heighths of grandeur does Byron rise in his descriptions of mountain scenery in Childe Harold. Unworthy as he is morally, he can by the magic power of genius, take us with him to those heighths, and there forgetting all else, we worship the invisible, alone. What happiness in the lonely winter evenings, or the soft summer twilights, to have the friend we love to sit beside us, and read to us our favorite poems. Tennyson's Enchanted Reveries, which lift us for a time far above this work-a-day world—

Or from Browning, some Pomegranate,
Which, if cut deep down the middle,
Shows within, a heart, blood tinctured with a veined humanity.

Or the sweet, solemn thoughts of Wordsworth, the poet-finest of nature, whose heart was so attuned to hers, that the sight of the simplest flower that blooms awakened within him "thoughts that do lie too deep for tears."

How sweet to gather from the lips we love best, the words of unshaken faith, of patient sweetness in suffering, of ardent love for humanity, which flow from the great heart of Mrs. Browning; to listen to Whittier's anti-slavery poems, which "stir the soul like the sound of a trumpet," or to the deep, sweet, trustful utterances of his later days. To be beguiled by the music of Longfellow's verse—so sweet, we know not we are listening to it, until all weariness shall be charmed away, and perfect peace enter our souls.

But it is not alone for the measureless enjoyment, the rare delight that he brings us, that we owe most to the poet. It is for the lessons that be teaches, the ennobling influence that he sheds around us. He strengthens our highest aspirations, he enlarges our ideas, he increases our love for humanity, patience and tenderness. "Poetry," says Coleridge, "has been to me its own exceeding great reward; it has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments, and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful, in all that meets and surrounds us."

Poetry certainly quickens our perception of the beautiful in nature. In the introduction of his "Poems of Places," Longfellow says: "I have always found the poets my best traveling companions. They see many things that are invisible to common eyes. Like Orlando, in the forest of Arden, they hang odes on hawthorns, and elegies on thistles. They invest the landscape with a human feeling and cast upon it

The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration of the poets dream.

Even scenes unlovely in themselves become clothed in beauty when illumined by the imagination—as faces in themselves not beautiful become so by the expression of thought and feeling."

It may be said that this is all true of fine prose, also, and so it is in a degree. There is something in the rhythm of poetry that makes it more charming and effective, and in its distinctive quality of expressing so much in so few words. This is very noticeable in the English and German poets, and especially in the latter. Most exquisite are many of the German ballads, in which a life-time of thought, emotion and experience are condensed into a few stanzas: but they are untranslatable. The best translations of them are almost as unsatisfactory as a peach that has lost its flavor, or a rose that has lost its fragrance.

We know what an effective weapon it has been in all the struggles of right against might, through all the ages, from the time of the sweet singer of Israel to the days of our own poets of freedom. A great man said "Let me write the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws." The lays of the Troubadors incited the knights of the olden time to deeds of almost superhuman daring. So powerful was the effect of Dante's Inferno, even upon the ignorant people, that the women of Florence, believing that he had really visited the infernal regions, shrank from him in the streets, and declared they perceived the smell of fire upon his garments. One song, the Marseillaise, stirred the heart of France to its depth, laid its crowned heads low in the dust, and raised a storm which shook the thrones of Europe to their foundations. In our own age and country, Whittier's smiting rhymes were one of the most powerful weapons which finally struck the chains from the limbs of the slave, and his war poems, and those of Boker, Brownell and Read, and above all, the inspiring strains of the John Brown song, were battles in the cause of freedom and the Union. But it is in its effect upon the home circle the greatest value of poetry lies. Whatever serves to sweeten and strengthen the ties that bind us to home, whatever brings into the home noblest thoughts, sweetest patience, tenderest forbearance, most graceful courtesy—whatever, in short, tends to make home

A spot on earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,

is an inestimable blessing to mankind. Poetry does this. A love of it, a taste for it, is a bond of union between the members of a family.—The father comes home at night, wearied with the cares of business or the day's toil—the wife, too, is oppressed with household cares, and the son or daughter reads to them some sweet and soothing poem, which insensibly rests and refreshes them.

Such songs have power to soften
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

The sons or daughters of such a household of plain living and high thinking, are not likely to go outside the home circle to seek all their pleasures. Their mutual love for what is beautiful and true and ennobling, strengthens their love for each other, and their deepest enjoyment is in each other's society. In such a home, the higher things which daily communion with the most gifted minds suggest, form the chief topic of conversation. No petty gossip penetrates to those sacred precincts; envy, malice, and all uncharitableness are unknown; love, peace and happiness reign and extend their blessed influences to many less favored ones outside.

Let us, then, thank and bless the poets. Let us make them the cherished companion of our daily lives, and gain from them sweetness and strength.

Blessings be with them and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares,
The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays.

EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.—The Eddystone lighthouse, which in its day was regarded as one of the greatest engineering feats in the world, is threatened with destruction. It seems that the rock on which it stands is actually wearing away by the action of the waves, so that it will be necessary to take down the great work of Smeaton, to prevent its being speedily destroyed. The Eddystone rocks form a dangerous reef in the English Channel, about nine miles from the Cornish coast. From the number of shipwrecks that took place on these rocks, a lighthouse was erected on them in 1696. The architect was a Mr. Winstanley, who had so much confidence in his works that he determined to stand inside of it during a terrible storm. The next morning, lighthouse and architect had disappeared. In 1706-9 another lighthouse was erected by Mr. Rudgert. The structure was destroyed by fire in 1755. The present lighthouse was commenced in 1757 and finished in 1759. It was designed by Mr. Smeaton, who took his idea, it is said, from the form of an oak tree.

—The word "pamphlet" is derived from the name of a Greek authoress, Pamphylia, who compiled a history of the world into thirty-five little books. "Punch and Judy" is a contraction from Pontius and Judas. It is a relic of an old "miracle play," in which the actors were Pontius Pilate and Judas Iscariot. "Bigot" is from Visigoth, in which the fierce and intolerant Arianism of the Visigoth conqueror of Spain has been handed down to infamy. "Humbug" is from Hamburg: "A piece of Hamburg news" was in Germany a proverbial expression for false political rumors. "Gause" derives its name from Gaza, where it was first made. "Tabby cat" is all unconscious that her name is derived from Atab, a famous street in Bagdad, inhabited by the manufacturers of silken stuffs called atabi or taffety, the wavy markings of the watered silks resembling pussy's coat. "Old Scratch" is the demon Skratti, who still survives in the superstitions of northern Europe. "Old Nick" is none other than Nikr, the dangerous water demon of Scandinavian legend. The lemon takes its name from the city of Lima.

The feeling that, in the United States, Great Britain has a dangerous competitor for the commerce of the world, is apparent to any one reading the English newspapers. Thus, *The London Times* rejoices over the end of the strike in Glasgow, which for six months has paralyzed the enormous iron ship-building trade of that city, and calls attention to "the ominous fact that, during the last three or four months, in which the Clyde ship-builders have been prevented from taking contracts by the quarrel with their workmen, the ship-building business has shown sudden signs of revival in the United States. * * * The same follies which drove the trade away from Millwall to Glasgow may drive it from Glasgow beyond the Atlantic, and the Clyde has no spell to win it back, except those which the Thames has used in vain." The strike caused a loss to the workmen, in wages alone, of $400,000.

Ice did not become an article of commerce until the present century; but already in the United States alone thirty millions of dollars are invested in the business of gathering and selling it. Large shipments of ice are made to South America and Asia; the European nations supplying themselves with ice from Norway. There has been a remarkable increase in the use of the article in the United States since 1845, when only 50,000 tons of it were used. In the year 1876 the consumers bought 2,500,000 tons and probably 5,000,000 tons were cut. Beer brewers are the best customers of the ice companies, several using 30,000 tons of ice annually. So great has become the ice commerce that it now has a neatly and clearly printed newspaper of its own—*Ice Trade Journal*—the first number of which has just been printed.

Actors have their superstitions. Tony Pastor stated a few of them to a reporter of *The Albany Express* recently, in this way: "Well now, there's no showman on the road who would think of letting a lady be first to pass through the doors when opening them for a performance. There is a sort of feeling that it brings ill-luck. Then there are cross-eyed people; many a veteran ticket-seller loses all heart when one presents himself at the ticket window. A cross-eyed patron and a bad house generally go together. A cross-eyed performer would be a regular Jonah. With circuses their is a superstition that a man with a yellow clarionet brings bad luck. And than there are superstitions notions about going on the stage from the wrong side, and beginning study or reherseal on Friday, and a dozen other things."

The sparrow will have to sign the pledge. He has been "drunk and disorderly," in the the language of the Police Courts. But his plea of "not premeditated drunkeness" will be accepted. Geneva, New York, saw him in his moment of degradation. A town liquor-dealer, for some inscrutable purpose, soaked a loaf of bread in whiskey, and then breaking it into fragments, threw it into the roadway before his door. Down swooped a large flock of sparrows, and eagerly devoured the bread. And then there were hoarse chirruping, and quarrelsome birds, and a universal fight, and some could hardly fight from staggering, and altogether it sadly resembled some scenes in the life of the superior creature—man.

—He was a graduate of Harvard, and he got a position on one of the Philadelphia dailies last week. "Cut that stuff of yours down," said the city editor, as the new man came in with a column where a "stick" only was required. "Do you require a judicious elimination of the superfluous phraseology?" mildly returned the Harvard man. "No! Boil it down!" thundered the city ed. The new man is gone now—gone to Boston. He says there ain't "cultuah" enough in Philadelphia.—*Phila. Press.*

WOMEN AND BUSINESS.—A widow in Baltimore put crape on the door. The crape remained there about a week before the landlord made bold to interrupt her grief, and when he entered he found nothing there but the house. Her grief was so intense that she had inadvertently removed all the furniture. The debt of nature which had all been paid was suppositious. The debt for rent remained uncancelled. And yet they say that women are not calculated for business.

—A man stole a dog in Cookstown, Ontario, recently. The thief being detected he promised its return to the owner the following day. At the appointed hour a package was received by the victim, on which was written "Here is your dog:" but on opening it the astonished man discovered ten pounds of freshly made sausages! He was an editor, and so accepted them.

S. Giovanni Mussida, an Italian philosopher and writer, recently put the finishing touch to the last volume of a work he has been writing, and exclaimed; "I have concluded; now I may die!" Soon after he expired from paralysis of the heart. In accordance with his desire, as a member of the Cremation Society, his body was burned.

Kinkety, winkety, kangaroo,
Jujibi, jujubo, jujiburee,
Yawfully, yefull, yigo yum,
Florium, zorium, buckrabum,
Mufti, puffi, quilty see,
Jiggelty, wiggelty, parchum pea,
You can't compare with a kalamazoo
Or an agitatorium kangaroo.

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Bucks County Gazette:

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—The President has appointed John Welsh, of Philadelphia, to be United States Minister to England. The appointment is said to have been a genuine surprise in official circles. A Washington correspondent to the *Tribune* makes the following statement: The name of Mr. Welsh has been incidentally mentioned in official circles several times since the remarkable recommendation of Mr. Simon Cameron by the Pennsylvania delegation; but very few persons supposed that the President and Mr. Evarts were seriously considering the policy of appointing him.

The nomination of Mr. Welsh cannot be said to be especially pleasing to any class of politicians in Washington. Everybody who knows anything of his history, speak of him as a gentleman of the highest character, business ability, and social standing, not much identified with the politics of his State and Nation, and a good representative of the best class of Philadelphia merchants, an appointment which recalls that of Abbott Lawrence, of Massachusetts, to the same position almost a third of a century ago. At the same time nearly every one expresses a doubt whether he has that familiarity with public affairs, and that practical knowledge of the official relations of the United States with foreign countries to qualify him to fill the most important mission in the gift of the Administration, with credit to himself and to the country. Had it not been for Mr. Welsh having served as President of the Centennial Board of Finance last year he would have been an entire stranger in official circles abroad, and almost unknown at home in connection with public affairs.

The followers of the Camerons in Pennsylvania are of course displeased with Mr. Welsh's appointment. Not that they even have anything to say against his personal character or social standing; but they feel very keenly the natural disappointment resulting from the failure of the Administration to act in accordance with their advice. It has been a common remark of prominent politicians in Washington that this nomination means nothing politically; that it does not strengthen the Administration with either faction of the Republican party in Pennsylvania or elsewhere, and that, in strictly political point of view, this, one of the most important appointments which the President has to make, has been literally thrown away.

Prominent Democrats express great gratification at Mr. Welsh's nomination. He is not enough of a partizan to have aroused any animosity among the opposition and his appointment does not heal any of the dissensions in the Republican party from which the Democrats hope to profit in the future.

A member of the Pennsylvania delegation has a copy of a letter which it is proposed to use to defeat the confirmation of Mr. Welsh. The letter is addressed to the President by Mr. Welsh, and was discovered on file in the Treasury to-day. In it he recommends the appointment of a gentleman from Philadelphia, who is a Democrat, to an important office, and says among other things that he is glad we have an Administration in power elected by the Republican party, yet in a position to appoint a suitable man to office regardless of politics. This letter has been quietly circulated among the Pennsylvania members who are displeased at the nomination of Mr. Welsh, and it is proposed to get the facts before the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs. It is said that opposition will be made upon the grounds that Mr. Welsh is not fully in accord with the Republican party.

Army Post.

Some weeks ago we noticed the formation of Capt. H. Clay Beatty Post, Grand Army of the Republic, and are now happy to announce its establishment upon a firm basis. The membership numbers over fifty, and is increased at each weekly meeting by the muster in of three or four recruits. The members represent all branches of the service, sailors, marines, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, the organization being open to all men who served during the war for the Union, and who possess honorable discharges of dates from 1861 to 1865. On Tuesday night the Post received six Springfield rifles, purchased for use in ceremonials connected with the ritual, as well also for purposes of armory decoration. The rifles are new, and will afford much pleasure to the members who wish to indulge in the "manual." During the winter the Post will probably make further additions to the stock of Springfield rifles, and also procure Martini-Henry rifles for target practice. Drilling in the manual of arms, and in the bayonet and sabre exercise, the inspiriting sounds of the drum and fife, and the martial and well recognized bugle calls, recall vividly to the members the days when they were soldiering. The Post has adopted and published a set of By-laws, which, with the Constitution, will make manifest the character of the organization. At the last meeting the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to collect statistics relative to the enlistment from Bristol borough and township of men into the Army and Navy of the United States between the years 1861 and 1865.

Also, to collect the names of men, titles of regiments, cause and places of death of all buried in the cemeteries and graveyards in the borough and township.

That the two lists thus made be entered in the Discription Book of this Post, and a copy printed, framed, and hung in the Armory.

Messrs. Landreth, Scott and Yardley were appointed a committee under the resolutions, and it is to be hoped that the friends of each soldier who enlisted from either town or township, and who is now absent by reason of death or removal, will promptly furnish to the committee information of his name, regiment, date of discharge, or date of death, if killed or wounded in battle.

—The State Board for the construction of a hospital for the insane for Eastern Pennsylvania having determined upon Norristown as a site for the institution, recently visited the Williard Insane Asylum, situated on Seneca Lake, near Ovid Village, Seneca county, N. Y., about twenty-three miles above Ithaca, for the purpose of inspecting that institution with a view to obtaining suggestions useful in the erection of the new buildings. The Williard Asylum is built on what is called the detached or separate plan. It consists of several buildings, erected on a farm of 750 acres of land, the buildings in some instances being from a quarter to half a mile apart. They contain 1265 inmates, most of whom are females. These inmates are sent to this asylum from the different counties in the State, each county paying $3 per week for the support of each person it sends to the institution. The inmates perform a considerable part of the labor on the farm, and this is found to be beneficial to their health. The land and buildings cost the State $1,200,000. It is stated that the commission have determined to erect the new hospital on the Williard plan. On Wednesday the Commission meets to select five out of the twenty-five plans submitted to them by various architects for their adoption.

—General Bedford Forrest, the famous Confederate cavalry officer, died on Monday evening, in Memphis, after a wasting illness.

—President Hayes has issued a proclamation designating Thursday, November 29th, as a day of National Thanksgiving.

[Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.]

PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 30th, 1877.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—Naturally conservative, the Quaker City has ever viewed with alarm every innovation likely to overturn the established institutions, but no proposition ever made has raised a greater storm of opposition than the announcement of the Managers of the Exhibition that they intended to open the doors on Sunday. This same Sunday question has long been the source of contention, but instead of gradually subsiding or wearing itself out, it only becomes more and more a bugbear as time passes on. The Exhibition doors have been opened, and those in favor of the change evidently considered the matter finally settled; but they reckoned without their host. The ministerial meetings have been weekly hurling their anathemas against the Exhibition, and daily prophesying its downfall. Last Monday evening the rapidly kindling embers of dissatisfaction burst into flame at Horticultural Hall, which was crowded with people opposed to "the desecration of the Sabbath." The assemblage was not only one of the largest but one of the most thoroughly respectable audiences ever seen in this city, and their proceedings naturally attracted much attention. Addresses were delivered by Dr. John Hall, of New York, Rev. Henry W. Warren, D. D., Hon. Wm. A. Porter, Rev. Alfred Nevin, D. D., and others of equal note, while the platform adopted was calculated to strike terror into the hearts of all opponents. It was naturally expected that this mass-meeting would be promptly followed up by others, but the storm has been succeeded by a calm, and no one seems to be any the worse or any the better for the exciting experience.

Mr. John S. Morton, the defaulting railway president, was never actually arrested by the stockholders, who seemed to think they could make better use of him as a witness: but the ex-Secretary of the company has suddenly brought another phase of his case within the province of the law, by charging him with perjury in annually swearing to accounts which he knew were not correct; and as the jury have found a true bill against him the subject will soon be re-opened. Mr. Morton's brown stone residence at 2037 Arch street was a few days ago sold with its contents by the sheriff, and in consequence of the involuntary withdrawal of his support, a Philadelphia evening paper, in which he had a large interest, has been compelled to make an assignment for the benefit of the creditors. This part of the record was kept very quiet, but has finally leaked out.

Charlie Ross has turned up again, this time at Richmond, Indiana, where a boy supposed to have been abducted is said to have exclaimed, on looking at a paper containing a picture, "Oh, that is my brother Walter." On being shown a picture of the Ross mansion in Germantown, he declared that he once lived there, and pointed out a tree on which he used to have his swing. All this sounded very encouraging, but not more so than hundreds of similar statements in regard to the words and actions of other lost boys supposed to have been Charlie, and, as usual, the Ross family place no confidence in the report, having evidently given up all hope of again seeing their little one alive. But abductions as well as murders will out, and the mystery will in all probability be solved some day, and many persons in this city would not be surprised if the sequel should prove that the detectives have from the very first been following out the most ridiculously absurd clews. Had one-tenth the ability usually displayed in such cases been employed on this Ross business at the beginning, the boy would never have got very far away from home.

Some pretty quick time was made on the Bound Brook Railroad last week. The New York Park Theatre Company had promised to give a matinee benefit performance in behalf of the sick actor Edwin Adams, and the officials promised to bring them from New York to Philadelphia in the shortest time ever yet made. They accomplished the task with ease, landing the theatrical people in this city in just ninety-nine and one-half minutes, almost a mile a minute straight through.

Edwin Adams continued getting lower and lower during the latter part of the week, and yesterday he slept his last sleep. In his dying moments he was surrounded by friends of the theatrical profession, and bade them all an affectionate farewell. Telegrams of condolence were received by Mrs. Adams last night from prominent actors and actresses all over the country, many of whom announced their intention of being present at the funeral, which takes place on Thursday. He was born in Medford, Mass., and at the time of his death, which was caused by consumption; he was forty-four years of age.

Fox's Theatre, which was burned down last winter, has been rebuilt, and will reopen next Saturday on a less immoral plan than before. The announcement says that smoking and drinking will not be allowed, and ladies will be admitted every night—quite a stride in the march of improvement.

In the last week of November we are to be favored with a national dog show, but of that, more anon.

C. W. F.

[Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.]

NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, October 29, 1877.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—Political considerations have eclipsed all others in the city of New York. Saturday was the last day for the registration of voters, and from this time until November we will do nothing but canvass, and gossip, and make speeches, and indulge in that terrible buzz which always lasts until the morning after the votes are counted, and then melts into thin air. I have been wondering lately while patrolling the lobbies of hotels, and dropping into some of the swell saloons, that are impromptu clubs in themselves, what has become of the man and the drinker who does not talk politics. I can hardly believe that those I hear and see are the same citizens that I used to meet, because I am nightly and daily confronted by an entire panorama of new faces. These faces belong to people who have any quantity of money, and the barkeepers of this vast metropolis are kept busy working more hours than the Third Avenue railroad exacts from its slaves. If you listen to them twenty minutes, or if you listen to them for a night, you will hear nothing but the ringing of the changes on Kelly, Morrissey, Tammany, Anti-Tammany, Schell, etc., etc., etc., until the unpolitical brain—and I am free to admit that I do not enthuse much—grows weary. Still as a matter of news for your readers, who may perhaps be interested in knowing just what the issues in New York are this fall, I have taken some pains to ascertain. A personal acquaintance with some of the headlights has given me such an easy advantage that I have not the audacity to claim any superior insight on my part, or extraordinary work.

In the first place this is an off year, and is signalized chiefly by the almost death struggle between Tammany and Anti-Tammany. The principal tableau in this dramatic fight is the running of John Morrissy for the State Senate in the Seventh District. Up to Saturday there was no Tammany opponent in the field against him, the previous nominee of Tammany having withdrawn. On Friday evening, the Hon. Augustus Schell was nominated by a fresh Tammany convention. The district is that in which John Kelly, Chief Sachem of Tammany, lives, and the contest will be really a tilt between Anti-Tammany, Morrissey and Kelly, Augustus Schell representing the last potentate. Both parties are, as usual, confident of success. Morrissey is offering bets that he will whip Tammany in its stronghold by 7,000 votes; and, it must be understood, there are gathered under the Morrissey banner, all the disaffected elements, including the regular Republicans, the Workingmen's party, the Communists, Bread Winners, and all the rest of the hybrid coteries that spring into existence on the eve of a great battle. It is a sad commentary on Republicanism in the city of New York, that the leaders of that puissant power should have been forced to endorse a Democratic candidate, as Mr. Morrissey is, simply because they did not have a ghost of a show themselves. The cry of the Republicans is, "Anything to beat Tammany"—though how that particularly helps Republicanism is more than I can see. It would appear to me that maintaining the banner of a principal, even if there were no chance for glory, would be better than siding with the enemy on the question of an interior schism in the enemy's camp. But I don't expect any political favors, and that may account for the independence of my views.

Next to this Morrissey and Schell contest, the only other important feature of the present campaign is the struggle over the position of Register, the one now held by General Pat. Jones. The combination—representing the same interests as those supported by Mr. Morrissey—is Jacob Hess. The regular Tammany candidate is Frederick W. Loew, a representative of one of our old families. The remainder of the approaching battle is of the most ordinary kind, and will certainly interest no one out of New York.

Our Cigar-makers' strike does not languish although there is an indication of the employers weakening toward a consideration of the demands of their Bohemian employees. I hope the rumor is true. I have been through the tenement quarters of these wretched people, and I know, by personal investigation, that if there was ever a cause that ought to succeed, it is that of the brave fight which the Bohemians are making against the capitalists who have endeavored to grind them down to a pittance wage that would scarcely feed a healthy dog with a corresponding appetite.

The decision in the case of the opera singer Hasslacher, namely, that she is the lawful wife of the man she sued for divorce and separate maintenance—he claiming that she only lived with him to keep his rooms in order and bear him children— is at once a vindication of the peculiarly proper law of New York, and a lesson for young men to consider, who find regular matrimony too expensive an institution.

SANS NOM.

[Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.]

CHICAGO LETTER.

CHICAGO, October 27, 1877.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—An old crusade is just being renewed. It is that against the old offender, swill milk, who haunts all cities, though often masquerading under the title of "pure country milk." There is a motley army of doctors, milkmen, etc., always ready to take up the fight begun by Frank Leslie back in the "fifties," while the distillers, and the owners of one or two milch cows, which feed on distillery slops, are ready to take up the cudgles for swill. There are a number of distilleries in the city, feeding from 900 to 2,000 head of cattle, or selling the slops to the small milkmen. Just now there is no profit in making high-wines, and the distiller's only chance to get even is in cattle feeding. This accumulation of large herds in a limited space is objected to on the ground of smells, for it is not claimed that the flesh of slop-fed steers is unfit for food. As for the swill milk, of which much is sold, the latest dictum of the doctors is that, while it is impossible to tell it by any chemical test from other milk, yet it is unquestionably injurious to small children, and adds largely to the infantile mortality, which is so sad a feature of city life. Yet to forbid its sale is to arouse the hostility of hundreds of Irish, Germans, and Americans even, each owning one or two cows, all kept within the city limits, and fed on swill. No alderman dare face the political enmity of these modern cow-boys, and hence the sale of cheap and nasty milk will probably be allowed to go on. A large share of the beef sold here during the winter is distillery-fed. The best cattle go directly through here to the East; the poorer ones, which are unfit to stand the journey, remain, and are fed up to plumpness and a market. It is claimed that the fat is different in color from that of grass-fed beeves, but nobody is critical on that point, so long as the taste does not vary.

There came to an end on Saturday night the trial of certain County Commissioners and contractors who were indited for robbing the county. The testimony, part of it furnished by accomplices, or squealers, as they are called, was sufficient to satisfy any reasonable mind of the guilt of the accused, and yet the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty, without any loss of time. The defendants spent $450 a day on lawyers—the trial lasted three weeks—and it was mainly owing to this expenditure, the general poor character of city juries, and the fact that some of the jurors had been fixed, that they were able to escape. It is only another illustration of the helplessness of the law when it is fought by lawyers.

The suit of the self-styled Mrs. O'Neil against her alleged husband, James O'Neil, the actor, came up during the week. The only progress made was the allowance to the woman of $50 per month for expenses, and of a certain sum for attorney's fees. This is bitter for O'Neil, who is devoted to money, dislikes to spend it for any purpose, and especially on account of the follies and frailties of his youth. The woman did not make a good case for herself, simply submitting affidavits of certain persons to the effect that they believed she was wedded to James, but failing to produce that certificate on which a wedded wife is supposed to set so much store, or any of the witnesses of the interesting ceremony. Still the Judge took compassion on her, and made this little allowance.

The fire, which sometimes does a good action, kindly stepped in on Tuesday and burned up a superfluous place of amusement, thereby saving several persons from ruining themselves. The building thus cleaned out was built soon after the great fire, and for a time did a fair business. But after the other theatres got started, this one, which was on a side street, sank into the sere and yellow leaf, and degenerated into a trap for managers. It lay in wait for enthusiasts with a little money and much faith, and when it got hold of one, it cleaned him out of every cent. Then it was turned into a Museum, with a theatrical attachment, Colonel Wood, once of Chicago, but more recently of Philadelphia, sending on a lot of old traps to stock the show. This scheme failed, and it was run for awhile on a sort of co-operative plan, the actors taking their pay from each night's receipts before they went on the stage. It had just passed into the hands of Tony Denier, when the fire came and cleaned out him and his properties. The animals which had clung to the fortunes of the Museum all perished, except one rabbit. But they were a sickly, consumptive lot, the jest of nursery maids and newsboys; and their surviving relatives, whether roaming free or penned up in cages, will not be apt to waste many tears on them. The concern went up just before sunrise, when there was not a soul in the building—assuming that the animals had none—and hence there are no accidents to report. Had the fire not come Denier would have been ruined, and the Lord knows how many after him. There is a fascination about running a theatre which is as hard to explain as it is to resist. This city can count its dozens of men who have been ruined by yielding to this fatal longing.

After some weeks of hopeful waiting, it has been finally decided that Goldsmith Maid is done for, and will have to be mustered out of the service as a trotter. The day of her glories is over, and her only value henceforth will be to breed possible successors to her renown. She was foaled in 1857, and is now a little over twenty years old, so that it is fairly time for her natural force to be abated. The immediate cause of her retirement is a breaking of a tendon in one of her fore-legs. When in California last year she gave signs that she was breaking up, and there were then indications of a weakness in one of her legs. Rest and nursing brought her around all right, it was fancied, but age was too much for her, and in some unknown way she got the last and finishing injury. At this moment the turf is taking the place which base-ball has long held in the affection of the people. Prior to 1871 trotting was the rage, and Dexter Park a favorite resort. But the track got into bad hands—it was understood that an honest race could not be run there—and the sport died out. During the last years the old track has been in the hands of a decent man, and the various meetings held there during the year have more than paid expenses. Base-ball is down just now, and the horsemen are coming to the front.

The workingmen have held their Convention, and have made an extraordinary mess of it. It was simply another illustration of the fact that politics are a trade, a business, and that for green hands to go into the job of electing delegates, running primaries, etc., is a little risky. A couple of shrewd managers belonging to one of the regular party organizations set to work to capture the workingmen, and they did it by the means known to the initiated. The result was that the workingmen put up a ticket with only one workingman upon it, while they had intended to put none but their own people in nomination. Just how it happened, and what they are to do about it, are things which these political novices do not understand. All they know is that somebody must have sold out to the enemy.

Under the influence of the heavy rains which have fallen during this month, Central and Northern Illinois have become a bog, through which it is impossible to drive a team. The state of affairs after a deluge is something which is unknown down East. The roads become bottomless, and all travel is suspended. No grain reaches the railroads, and no supplies reach the farmers. Even in the smaller cities where there are no paved streets, deliveries of coal and other heavy articles become impossible, and groceries are sent to their destination in a wheel-barrow. The cemetery is sometimes inaccessible for a hearse, and the pall-bearers do real work in carrying a corpse along a stretch of muddy road. The soil is a greasy, slippery, black clay, and one plunges through endless feet of it before reaching bottom. Within the limits of the city—thanks to its pavements—locomotion is possible, but the moment one gets out into the country, one sinks into the slough of despond, and curses a soil which is as fertile in discomforts as it is in corn. With immense crops in the barns, nothing can be gotten to market until dry weather comes.

There is now pending, before the United States Land Commissioner at Washington, a case which is of vital importance to the people of this city, and to the Illinois Central Road. In 1872 Congress passed an act providing for the issue of land-scrip to a man named Valentine, who had lost some California lands by an improper ruling of somebody or other, and authorizied him to locate this strip on any government lands he might find undisposed of. Much of this scrip went into the hands of Washington claim-agents, and some into those of Willis Drummond, who was once Commissioner of the Land Office. He has attempted to locate his scrip on a lot of property in this city, lying on the shore of Lake Michigan. Some of it is covered by the freight houses of the Illinois Central, while the remainder, constitutes the Dearborn and Lake Front Parks, which belong to the city. The total value of this property is, at the inside, $5,000,000. As Drummond's claim is that, owing to technical errors, etc., these lands were never formally sold, or dedicated to park purposes, and are, therefore, open to entry. This is the point on which the Commissioner has to pass, and his decision on this majestic land grab is awaited with much interest.

But these are rare cases. The worst which occur here are in relation to dower. A man owns a lot, to which the title is apparently clear, and has been so since the beginning of land-office time. Suddenly an old woman turns up somewhere, and avers that her husband once owned the property, and that when he sold it she did not release her dower-interest. The Court sustains the claim, and the owner finds himself saddled with payments which apparently run forever, for a woman never dies under such circumstances. Not long ago a claim was made on behalf on an Indian woman, who, back in the thirties, was married to a Frenchman who owned a lot of ground here. He sold it and then died, and she joined her people on one of the Kansas reservations. Some industrious searchers among the records of the past noticed she had not joined in the release. He hunted her up—an old woman of seventy—bought out her rights for a hundred dollars or so, and came back to the city to begin scores of suits, and plague the souls of scores of owners, nearly all of them found it cheaper to compromise than to go to the expense of litigation. Then there is the daughter of the Indian Chief. The old gentleman was a friend of the whites, and was given a section or so by some treaty. But he got drunk. During one of these spells he sold his lands for a keg of rum and a rifle. Such transactions might do in Puritanical times, but not now. So the daughter, now an old woman of seventy, respectively petitions to have that sale set aside. The indignant owner, surprised at this resurrection of the dead, refuses to acknowledge the Chief or the Chief's daughter, and to law they go. The land-owner here hates the Indian as bitterly as the frontiersman does, but for a very different reason.

W. H. H.

—There is a little daily newspaper published in Monroe, (La.,) in the hand-writing of the editor by an electric pen, the whole edition being duplicated from the manuscript. News, telegrams, editorials, and advertisements, are all in writing. It is called the *Daily Electric Letter*, and it is the first of the kind.

—The French Government has adopted a revolving cannon that fires eighty shots a minute, each of which bursts into twenty-four fragments. It can be prepared for action with great rapidity, and two men only are required to work it.

—England, according to the best authority will require from abroad 88,000,000 bushels of wheat to supply the wants for the coming year.

☞An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure. A dose of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup will assist your Baby in teething, and prevent it from being attacked by Cholera Infantum, Colic and other diseases Babies suffer with. 25 cents.

Philadelphia Markets.

Wednesday, October 31, 5 P. M.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market continues dull; the inquiry both from the consumers and the shippers is limited. Minnesota Extra Family, low grade $6; do. do. medium, $6 25; do. do. good, at $6 50; do. do. choice at $6 62½ a 6 75; Pennsylvania Extra Family, good and choice, at $6 50 a 6 75; Indiana do. do. do. at $6 75; Southern Illinois do. do., $7 25; City Mills, for export, at $6 50 a 6 75; and Patent and other high grades at $8 a 9. Rye Flour, $4 25. Corn Meal is steady, "Brinton's" at $3 25, f. o. b. Buckwheat Meal, $2 75 a 3, as to quality.

GRAIN.—The inactivity in the wheat market still continues, the cable advices being unfavorable. Pennsylvania red, at $1 40 a 142; Southern ditto at $1 43 a 144; Southern amber at $1 45 a 1 47; Western ditto at $1 43 a 1 44; Delaware red, smutty, at $135 a 1 40, and Western white at $1 45 a 150. No. 2 Western, in elevator, closed at $1 40 a 1 41. Rye is arriving slowly, and ranges from 70 to 75c. per bushel for Western Pennsylvania. Corn is dull, and there are few sales at current quotations; Pennsylvania and Southern yellow, in the cars and from the grain depot, at 62c.; Western low mixed, at 60c.; Western high mixed, in the grain depot, at 61½c. Oats are in good demand and prices advancing; fair and choice Western white at 36 a 38½c. and light mixed at 35c.

Philadelphia Cattle Market.

Monday Evening, October 29, 1877.

The Cattle market was moderately active this week, and prices were rather firmer; about 2300 head arrived and sold at the West Philadelphia Drove Yard at 6¼ a 6¾c. for extra Pennsylvania and Western steers. 5½ a 6c. for fair to good do., and 4 a 5c. per lb. gross, for common as to quality. Sheep sold at 4 a 5½c. per lb. gross, as to condition. Hogs were in fair demand at 7 a 8½c.

At the North Philadelphia Drove Yard Beef Cattle were in demand and sold at 4¼ a 6½c. per lb. gross, as to condition. Sheep sold at 4¼ a 5½c. per lb. Hogs were also in demand at 7¼ a 8c. per lb., as to condition.

FARMERS' HAY AND STRAW MARKET for the past week: Loads of Hay, 366; Straw, 73 loads. Average price during week: Prime Timothy, 85c. a 90c; Mixed, 70c. to 80c. Straw, 60c. a 70c. per 100 lbs.

Special Notices.

Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup for the cure of Consumption, Coughs and Colds.

The great virtue of this medicine is that it ripens the matter and throws it out of the system, purifies the blood, and thus effects a cure.

SCHENCK'S SEA WEED TONIC, FOR THE CURE OF DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, &c.

The Tonic produces a healthy action of the stomach creating an appetite, forming chyle, and curing the most obstinate cases of Indigestion.

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS FOR THE CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT, &c.

These Pills are alterative, and produce a healthy tion of the liver, without the least danger, as they are free from calomel, and yet more efficacious in restoring a healthy action of the liver.

These remedies are a certain cure for Consumption, as the Pulmonic Syrup ripens the matter and purifies the blood. The Mandrake Pills act upon the liver, create a healthy bile, and remove all diseases of the liver, often a cause of Consumption. The Sea Weed Tonic gives tone and strength to the stomach, makes a good digestion, and enables the organs to form good blood; and thus creates a healthy circulation of good blood. The combined action of these medicines, as thus explained, will cure every case of Consumption, if taken in time, and the use of the medicines persevered in.

Dr. Schenck is professionally at his principal office, corner Sixth and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, every Monday, where all letters for advice must be addressed.

Hemorrhoids or Piles

Permanently eradicated in two to four weeks. No knife, ligature or caustic used. No charge until cured. No failures. Send for circulars. DRS MARTIN & FERRIS, 1107 Chestnut St., Philada. 859

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HALF-MILLION DOLLARS,

ALL BOUGHT FOR PROMPT CASH.

Every purchaser can have entire confidence that whatever is bought at our house is obtained at absolutely the lowest price for that quality of fabric.
It is not possible for any house in this country to undersell us, and no house can sell goods as low as we are doing, unless under the exceptional conditions of long experience and thorough knowledge of the business, coupled with EXCLUSIVELY CASH PURCHASES on an extensive scale.

The Dress Goods Departments

Are crowded with an enormous stock of the best and finest goods we have ever shown, including extensive lines of the LATEST PARISIAN NOVELTIES.
We are offering
500 PIECES FRENCH ARMURES,
Which are the choicest styles of the present season,
At 50, 55 and 65 cents.
We are also distributing among our customers
300 PIECES LUPIN'S MERINOES,
All the latest colorings, at
45 CENTS PER YARD.
No other house in this country can show these goods at the price.
Also, a full assortment of the finest MERINOES made, at 75, 87½ cents and $1, at which prices they are far below last year's rates.

IN BLACK GOODS

We offer a magnificent assortment, the largest we have ever shown, including our own
UNEQUALLED BLACK CASHMERES AND MERINOES, SILK-WARP HENRIETTAS, EMPRESS POPLINS,
And every other variety of BLACK FABRICS.
BLACK CASHMERES AND MERINOES
From 50 cts. to $2 50 per yard.
48 in. BLACK CASHMERES,
75, 87½ cents, and $1.
DOUBLE-TWILLED CASHMERES,
50, 62½, 75, 87½ cents, and $1.

We invite attention to
CLOAKS EIGHTY DIFFERENT STYLES
CLOAKS OF PARIS-MADE CLOAKS.
ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY STYLES
CLOAKS BERLIN AND LONDON CLOAKS.
AND
CLOAKS TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY DIFFERENT STYLES
CLOAKS NEW YORK AND OUR OWN MAKE CLOAKS,
CLOAKS Making altogether the finest exhibit of LADIES' CLOAKS AND WRAPS
CLOAKS Every shown in Philadelphia.
The prices range
CLOAKS FROM $4 TO $175 PER GARMENT,
And the assortment is so great that
CLOAKS every taste can be pleased and every purse suited.

In Hosiery and Underwear

We exhibit the products of all the celebrated
ENGLISH, FRENCH AND GERMAN
makers, imported by ourselves, as well as of the best
AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS,
At prices which are inducements to purchase.

BLANKETS.

BLANKETS. BLANKETS.

We have now in stock a full assortment, in all sizes, of our celebrated
EIDER-DOWN, SWAN'S-DOWN
and
SILVER-MEDAL BLANKETS.
These goods were made expressly for our sales. In size, weight, fineness of wool, and tasteful borders, they are superior to all others, and were justly awarded the First Premium at our late Exhibition.

BLANKETS FROM $3 TO $30 PER PAIR.

OUR FIVE-DOLLAR BLANKET

Is extra large size, very heavy, and is really the cheapest Blanket we have ever sold, which is claiming a great deal.

The Linen Department

Exhibits immense lines of HOUSEKEEPING LINENS, TABLE CLOTHS, NAPKINS, BLEACHED DAMASKS, LOOM DAMASKS, TOWELLINGS, TOWELS, &c., &c., &c., personally selected by our own buyer, who visited the great factories of Ireland and Scotland during the past summer.

IN FLANNELS

We offer a stock that cannot be surpassed. It includes almost everything that can be asked for in
WHITE AND COLORED FLANNELS.

Every Other Department

Of the house is fully equipped for the business of the season.

Orders are filled in a special department, and the greatest care is taken to have customers as well-suited as though they were present to make their selections. Samples cheerfully forwarded on application.

Strawbridge & Clothier,

N. W. CORNER EIGHTH & MARKET STS.,

PHILADELPHIA.

909

COOPER & CONARD,

IMPORTERS AND RETAILERS OF

DRY GOODS,

Ladies' Suits, Cloaks, and Costumes,

PHILADELPHIA.

Persons at a distance will be amply repaid by a visit to Philadelphia and our store, if they wish to buy but a small amount of goods. We are in constant communication not only with houses of this country, but with those of Europe, and having a buyer for each of the ten departments of our store, who purchase only of their special goods, they MUST excel. The purchases, too, being made for prompt cash, every extra discount is allowed, so that the price at which we retail goods is often even less than the goods are sold at wholesale. The important auctions are attended, prices noted with much care, and purchases made when sold below prevailing market prices.

In the selection of goods the interest of the consumer is kept constantly in view, avoiding fabrics that we believe will not give satisfaction to the wearer, knowing that taking care of those who buy of us is equivalent to taking care of ourselves, that is, winning our customers' confidence and their continued patronage.

COOPER & CONARD,

(THREE ADJOINING STORES),

Corner Ninth and Market Streets.

PHILADELPHIA. 16

ATTENTION HOUSEKEEPERS!
THE UNIVERSE COOKING STOVE.

THE BEST AND MOST ECONOMICAL COOKING STOVE IN THE MARKET.
This Stove is entirely different in the principle of combustion from all others.
It has a continuous hot draft over the fire which ignites and consumes the escaping gases and smoke. This increases the heat, and is a great saving of fuel. It is a self-feeder. The coal comes down to the fire in a heated state, and keeps a continuous fire, which enables you to bake or cook all day, without putting coal on the fire and waiting for it to re-kindle. If the fire is not needed the fire slides can be closed, and draft shut off. You can then go out in the morning and come back at supper time and find a good fire.
It forms no clinkers in the fire, or on the bricks, like other Stoves.
It requires less attention.
It will burn soft (bituminous) coal, hard coal, wood, bones, or old shoes, without smoke or disagreeable smell.
It differs from all other magazine and so-called Base-Burning Stoves in the fact that the magazine is on the side, and not over the fire.
The self-feed regulates the depth of the fire at all times, and prevents filling in coal up to the lids, thus defeating proper combustion, wasting coal, &c.
These Stoves are receiving the best of recommendations from those who are using them and if used according to directions will speak for themselves wherever they are introduced.
C. B. GREGORY'S PATENT. Manufactured and for sale at the Bristol Iron Foundry.

HARKINS & PRAY,
Dorrance Street, Bristol, Pa.

ALL KINDS OF CASTINGS MADE TO ORDER. 64

Also for sale at factory prices, at the Hardware Store of J. S. THOMAS, 47 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.

DR. THOMAS,
COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION.
NITROUS OXIDE GAS.

DR. THOMAS makes a specialty of extracting teeth absolutely without pain by the aid of Nitrous Oxide. Over 63,000 persons have successfully inhaled the gas at his office
912 Walnut Street, (South Side),
977 Philadelphia.

SKIN DISEASES. CURE GUARANTEED.—If you have any SKIN DISEASE consult DR VAN DYKE, in person or by letter, (advice free.)
Office 1510 MOUNT VERNON STREET, PHILADELPHIA. 65

Instructions on Piano and Organ,
AT the residence of Pupils, by a lady of experience. For address, apply at 18 Bath Street, Bristol. Terms, $8 per quarter. 980

Miscellaneous.

Clothing Ready Made.

THE LARGEST STOCK AND BEST ASSORTMENT IN TRENTON.

OVERCOATS FOR MEN, YOUTHS AND BOYS.
Dress Suits, Business Suits, School Suits,

In full variety, of honest materials, well made and trimmed, at right prices. We buy everything for cash and WE KNOW that we sell Clothing cheaper than the large cities *for the same quality of goods.*

CUSTOM DEPARTMENT.

A full line of American and Foreign Goods on hand TO MAKE TO ORDER.
Increased effort to secure handsome fitting, stylish garment assured. We invite your patronage.

SINCLAIR, VANNEST & WEST,

33 East State Street, Trenton, N. J. 908

WANAMAKER & BROWN respectfully announce that their Autumn and Winter Fashions in Clothing for Men and Boys are ready. The great buildings at Sixth and Market are crowded from top to bottom with such Clothing as merits the confidence of the people.

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S Cloths and Cassimeres are, in many instances, made expressly for them. No house in the trade confines itself so exclusively to the first-class manufacturers. Indeed, a long and mature experience is necessary to know just what goods to select and make up.

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S Order Department will be found full of fabrics of every good kind, either Novel and Fashionable styles or the plainer and more useful things. Talented cutters, who have been successful for years in our service, are in waiting to make garments according to the ideas of the people who are to wear the goods. Good hands are employed to make up, and only good trimmings used.

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S Ready-Made Department offers every accommodation to those who do not care to go through the process of measurement. The stock in all Departments for Men and Boys is immense and complete, and does not lack in style, workmanship or finish, while the prices can be proven to be nearly, if not quite, 25 cents on the dollar lower than the market.

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S Little Boys' and Youths' Clothing has always been a well-cared-for and prominent feature of the business. All ages can be fitted, and the styles are not surpassed—the "fits" have always been the subject of admiration

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S Shirt, Necktie, and Hosiery counters enable their customers to get complete outfits at more advantageous rates than they expect.

WANAMAKER & BROWN

—OAK HALL.—

The Largest Clothing House in America,

6th & Market Sts., Philad'a.

JOHN E. THROPP. DUNCAN McKENZIE. PETER WILKES.

THROPP, McKENZIE & WILKES,

Manufacturers of

Steam Engines,

BOILERS, MILL WORK, SHAFTING,
Pulleys, Hangers, and all kinds of Pottery Machinery,
Foot of Taylor Street, Trenton, N. J. 704

CHAPEL COURSE
OF
LECTURES!

FIRST SERIES.

THE LADIES' CHURCH AID SOCIETY announce the First Series of Lectures in the

NEW CHAPEL

OF ST. JAMES CHURCH, BRISTOL, AS FOLLOWS:

November 8th.
RT. REV. BISHOP STEVENS,
"Palestine."

November 16th.
DANIEL DOUGHERTY,
"Oratory."

November 22d.
PROF. B. W. PUTNAM,
"The Potter's Wheel and its Products."

This lecture is illustrated by the blackboard and by samples of different kinds of pottery, and by a skillful potter who who makes jars, jugs, vases, etc., on the platform.

November 27th.
JAMES PARTON,
"The Continental Congress."

December 6th.
Lecturer and subject to be announced.

December 13th.
GEN. N. P. BANKS,
"The Republic: Will it Endure?"

December 20th.
WONG CHIN FOO, of China,
"Domestic Life in China."

Wong Chin Foo is a Chinese Mandarin and a political refugee. He appears on the platform in full Chinese costume.

Lectures to commence at 7.30 P. M., promptly.

SINGLE TICKETS, - - 50 CENTS.
TICKETS FOR THE COURSE, $3 00.

☞Single tickets only good for the lecture on which the name of the lecturer is endorsed.

Tickets to be obtained at the stores of L. A. Hoguet, Thomas Scott, Cabeen & Beatty, and James Wright

The above list of lectures constituting the First Series of the "Chapel Course," comprises the most noted professional lecturers that have appeared in the Star Courses in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia.

All of these lecturers have received the enthusiastic endorsement of audiences in all the large cities of the Union, and their efforts offer to this community, subjects of profit and entertainment of a quality never before presented to it.

The total cost of this series will be over $500; and it is hoped and believed that the people of the Borough and vicinity will make every effort to render this first attempt an entire success; thereby authorizing a Second Series after the First of January.

The net proceeds will be appropriated to the liquidation of the debt incurred in finishing and furnishing the Chapel.

THE LADIES' CHURCH AID SOCIETY,
Of St. James Parish.
Bristol, October 10th, 1877. 47

Notice.

I HAVE sold my Stock and Fixtures, &c., to my son, EDWIN MARTIN MULL, who will continue the business at the same stand. Thanking the public for the patronage received from them, I desire that the same favors, &c., may be given to my successor in business. ROBERT W. MULL.
Morrisville, October 19, 1877.

Having purchased the Stock, Fixtures, &c., of my father, ROBERT W. MULL, and intending to continue the business the same as has been done by my father, I earnestly ask a share of your patronage, and promise to use every effort to please my friends. My aim will be to keep the very best of stock, and sell as low as the same quality of goods can be purchased anywhere. No misrepresentation of goods to be made, and no second-class goods to be sold for the best. EDWIN MARTIN MULL.
Morrisville, October 19, 1877. 61

House for Sale.
A NEW SIX ROOM HOUSE, just finished, on Penn Street. Terms easy. Apply to E. LAWRENCE. 59

J. C. MANNING,
Trimmings, Notions & Fancy Goods.
Fringes, Laces, Silks, Satins, Trimmed Hats, Kid Gloves, Hosiery, Corsets, Underwear, Hair Switches, Germantown Wool and Zephyrs, &c.
87 Warren Street, Trenton, N. J.
Next to the "Trenton House." 36

A. HAMMER,
Keeps constantly on hand a full line of
Hardware, Guns, Revolvers,
Hunting Apparatus and Fishing Tackle,
and will sell the same at greatly reduced prices.
Repairing of all kinds promptly attended to.
7 SHOT REVOLVERS, full Nickle plate, $2.50.
ASSANPINK BLOCK, GREENE STREET,
616 TRENTON, N. J.

Persons Wanting
MILLINERY, TRIMMINGS,
Ladies' and Children's Underwear,
WILL DO WELL TO CALL AT
23 E. State St., Trenton,
BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE, where they will find a large and well selected stock at prices lower than ever before offered. Also full line of
HAIR GOODS.
COMBINGS made up at the shortest notice.
E. A. BUCHANAN,
23 E. State Street, Trenton, N. J.
N. B.—Stamping and Embroidery done to order. 766

PURSELL'S
POROUS
PLASTERS.

BUMSTEAD'S
WORM
SYRUP.

SAND'S
EMULSION
COD LIVER OIL.
AT DR. PURSELL'S DRUG STORE,
S. W. Corner Mill and Cedar Sts.,
607 BRISTOL, PA.

F. B. BURKE,
Corner Dorrance and Wood Sts.,
BRISTOL, PA.,
Dealer in
DRY GOODS,
Trimmings, Notions, &c.
Fine Groceries and Provisions,
FRUITS AND CONFECTIONS,
TEAS, COFFEE AND SPICES,
Of the best quality.
☞Country custom solicited. 56

Fruit and Ornamental Trees.
THE largest stock in Bucks County. Call and examine and be convinced. Our prices are low. Price lists on application.
WILLIAM H. MOON,
63 Morrisville, Pa.

For Sale Cheap.
A GOOD MAGIC LANTERN AND OUTFIT. For particulars address B. W. YOUNG,
25 Point Pleasant, Bucks County, Pa.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

Bucks County Gazette:

Thursday, November 1, 1877.

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

PHILADELPHIA.—Arrives 8.00, A. M., 3.00, 5.00 and 8.00 P. M. Closes 5.45 and 9.30, A. M., 3.30, 5.30 and 7.30 P. M.

NEW YORK.—Arrives 7.00 and 11.00 A. M., and 6.30 P. M. Closes 7.45 and 10.45 A. M., 3.30, 5.30 and 7.30 P. M.

NEW YORK WAY MAILS.—Close at 7.45, A. M. and 3.30 P. M.

TRENTON.—Arrives 7.00 and 11.00 A. M., 5.00 and 6.30 P. M. Closes 7.15, 7.45 and 10.45 A. M., and 3.30 P. M.

TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY AND OFFICES ON THE BELVIDERE DELAWARE R. R.—Arrive at 6.00 P. M., and close at 7.15 A. M.

MORRISVILLE.—Arrives at 11.00 A. M., and 6.00 and 6.30 P. M.

DOYLESTOWN AND DOLINGTON.—Arrive at 10.00 A. M., and close at 10.45 A. M.

Mails for the South and West go by every Philadelphia mail.

Letters not called for are advertised every Thursday in the BUCKS COUNTY GAZETTE.

Office hours from 7.00 A. M., to 8.30 P. M.

W. B. BAKER, Postmaster.

The GAZETTE *has the largest circulation, with a single exception, of any weekly newspaper published in Bucks County.*

SORTS.

—Mr. Mears will not be home this week after all.

—The Bristol Institute meets next Tuesday evening.

—Rev. H. K. Brouse has again gone to Aledo, Ills.

—Mrs. Helen W. Pierson has gone to New York to spend the winter.

—Mrs. Livermore lectures on the 13th inst, not on the 12th as a typographical error make the *Advance* say.

—Rev. W. H. Coward will deliver a lecture before the Y. M. C. A. of Hulmeville to-morrow evening.

—The steamboat Columbia now leaves Bristol at 7:30A. M., instead of 7:15. The change of time makes it considerably more convenient for passengers.

—William Moore and Laura Rilly strangers and pilgrims in Bristol were committed to Doylestown, Saturday, for carrying off Bucks county chickens without asking the consent of the owners.

—We learn that Frank P. Adams has been appointed agent for the Independent Mutual Insurance Company, of Byberry; for some time past Jonathan Thomas, of Eddington has been acting as such.

—Mr. Parsons, who is announced in the Chapel course for November 15th, and December 6th, has been delayed in Constantinople, and will not return to this country before January. Mr. Daniel Dougherty, of Philadelphia, is announced for Friday, November 16th, to deliver his well known and admired Lecture on "Orators and Oratory."

—The Temperance meeting last Friday evening, was made interesting by remarks from Samuel Swain, Charles S. Bailey, Jacob S. Young, Mrs. M. H. Rankin, and Rev. J. S. Cook, and a tract read by David Spencer, showing the progress made in the Temperance work since ministers of the Gospel and deacons of the churches signed applications for licensing taverns, and thought it not amiss to look upon the wine when it was red.

—Almost every variety of taste was satisfied in Bristol last evening. Those religiously inclined could have visited either the Methodist or Baptist churches; those inclined to worldly pursuits could have tripped the light fantastic at Washington Hall and Cabeen's Hall. The student of science, could have studied the triumph of genius exhibited at Wood and Mill streets, while other tastes were gratified by attending the fair at St. James' Chapel.

An Ovation to Mr. Laverty.

The announcement that Mr. Laverty would address a temperance meeting at the Methodist Church, last Sunday afternoon, was sufficient to attract a large audience—the room being over-crowded by those who wished to take advantage of the opportunity of again listening to the leader of the temperance work in this vicinity. Promptly at four o'clock the meeting was opened by devotional exercises, after which Samuel Swain, expressing regret that some who had signed the pledge had proven unfaithful, in a few fitting remarks introduced Mr. Laverty, who began by saying that he never liked to begin an address with an apology, but felt that it was due to himself as well as to the audience, to say that he felt very much unlike speaking, as he was suffering with a severe headache, and, although he had found nothing to relieve it, he thought the sight of so many of his friends might prove beneficial. He referred to the sadness he felt when he heard that some had fallen out of the temperance ranks, but thought it ought not to discourage but rather act as an incentive to more earnest work and endeavoring to bring back the erring ones. If, said he, news was brought to you that in a moment of weakness I had yielded to the tempter and fallen, I know there would be many a heart sorrowful; just so I feel towards those who have failed to maintain their integrity, but they should not be judged harshly, for nobody knows how hard the struggle they may have had to encounter. He said that while still approving the motto of the Murphy army, "With malice towards none and charity for all," yet he felt a greater hatred than ever for the great destroyer—ardent spirits—which pitilessly despoiled the fairest households, and produced discord in the happiest families. His argument upon the license system was a very forcible and clear presentation, from a prohibitionist's standpoint, of the injustice of the system, and he showed plainly that if Bristol contained 1,000 voters, and 988 refused to sign an application to the court for license to sell liquor, yet if the remaining twelve would sign the application, all the conditions of the law for obtaining a license would be fulfilled, and a license would be forthcoming, notwithstanding the disapproval of the other voters, backed by all the women and children. He hoped that when the time came for a renewal of the license of the liquor saloons in Bristol, there would be some organized movement to protest against the granting of them, and had no doubt such a movement would have a great deal of influence for good. Mr. Laverty spoke for about and hour, and from the time he began until he finished he did not pause once, except to take breath; he never spoke more eloquently in Bristol, and during the whole whole time not a word fell upon unattentive ears; a more appreciative gathering could not have been desired, and after the lecture it seemed as if every once in the room was determined to shake hands with him, and he appeared as pleased himself to grasp his friends by the hands, and first in one part of the room and then in the other, he would be seen nodding, bowing and shaking hands, with a pleasant word for everybody. There were numerous inquiries in regard to his headache, but he seemed to have been cured of it, or at least forgot it. One lady stepped up and said she wished to shake hands with him, for she had never before had the opportunity, and said she was sorry he was not feeling well. Of course he "shook," and no doubt when he told her he was doubtful about the effectiveness of the speech he had just delivered, he felt complimented when he received as an answer that he had never spoken more ably.

—William Parry, the well known fruit grower at Cinnaminson, N. J., has issued a very useful pamphlet entitled "Forty Years Among Small Fruits; telling What and How to Plant." It should be in the hands of all growers of small fruits.

—A Massachusetts man has invented an extension piano stool just like an ordinary one when closed, but which can be pulled out into halves, thus accommodating two persons.

EQUAL RIGHTS FOR ALL.

The Colored Brethren Aroused—And Tell Who Put Down the War—Shivering Out in the Cold Long Enough—A Free Lance in the Convention.

A commotion was visible among the colored citizens of Bristol, Tuesday, which betokened that quarterly meeting or something else was near at hand. It proved to be something else, as a GAZETTE man discovered by a circular which he picked up in the street addressed to the "Fellow citizens of the County of Bucks and State of Pennsylvania." It was a call for a meeting to be held in the A. M. E. church on that afternoon and evening for the purpose of devising ways and means for a representation of the colored race in the Jury Box. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the convention assembled and a temporary organization formed by choosing Theodore Freeman, temporary President, and S. R. Stockton temporary Secretary. After which Charles Conover of Langhorne, was elected permanent President, Mr. Freeman Vice President, Mr. Stockton continued as Secretary, Thomas Reynolds made his Assistant, and Geo. W. Buck designated as Treasurer. The front benches were reserved for delegates, of whom there were representatives from Bensalem, Fallsington, Middletown, Doylestown, and Bristol, besides a number of persons not delegates, from the same and other parts of the county. But for the short notice given of the meeting doubtless every place in the county would have been represented. A committee on credentials and one to draw up resolutions were appointed, shortly after which the convention adjourned until evening, when it again assembled, Vice President Freeman in the chair.

The meeting was called to order, and Mr. Morris of Doylestown was introduced and made a few remarks relative to the work in hand. After him came Elder Grimes of Langhorne, who delivered a remarkable address in which the astounding statement was made that but for the colored troops being called out to suppress the rebellion, the roll of slaves would have been called on Bunker Hill. He thought it time the colored man was noticed by the Republican party in a different manner than in the past. The colored man was Mr. this and Mr. that on election day but after the victory was gained the politicians didn't know him. He thought the colored men as capable as other men to serve on a jury; "men from abroad with the hair scarcely off their teeth" were allowed to judge him and his people, while they, American born citizens, were denied the right. The men who said the negro was not intelligent enough to sit on a jury, were like a Jerseyman who said they didn't know enough to vote and yet himself a voter went out to hunt and "shot another man's Jackass, supposing it to be a rabbit." Is there a colored man in Bucks county as dumb as that, he inquired?

Elder Darks felt somewhat out of place as a political speaker but could not see why the colored men should be excluded from their rights as guaranteed by the laws of the land, and for the life of him could think of no way for them to get their due but to be careful what men they put in office, and if any man or party turned their backs upon them he did not think they were called upon to run after them for recognition; they should only help those that helped them.

James Carney Buck, of Langhorne, being called for, endorsed what had been said, and said the cry always was that "the time hadn't come yet" when the colored man demanded anything. Their votes were eagerly looked after on election day, and then they were promised this that, and the other thing by the candidates, and yet when they were elected, the promises were all forgotten. The colored men ought to organize for their own benefit and show their power as voters in the community. In many places they held the balance of power, and should use their suffrages judiciously.

Brother Tilman, of Bensalem, was glad the convention had been called and hoped the end in view would be accomplished. He was tired of being called upon by the politicians to work for the party and then "be left shiverin' out in the cold." In other counties the rights of the negro were respected, and he saw no reason why Bucks county should be an exception.

Brother Henry Blake arose with his usual ponderosity and dignity, and said he was in "a straight between two," and in all of this discourse, while he approved of much that had been said, he thought it wise to consider whether in acting differently, politically, than usual, they were not "swoppin' the devil for a witch." He hoped that his brethren who desired would be allowed their right to sit in the dirty place called a jury box, but wasn't taking any himself; did not desire to sit in judgment upon any man, especially when it was a matter of life and death to be decided, as jurymen were often compelled to do. He disdained the privilege the more as long as his race was denied representations in the council, in the magistrate's office, as road commissioner, and even the insignificant office of constable or policeman; as long as he didn't get any of these positions, he desired no seat in the jury box, but hoped those who did, would be allowed to have their wishes gratified.

George W. Buck occupied a few minutes, to say that they ought to give the party they had always acted with the chance to refuse to grant them their rights, before they visited their condemnation upon them, and then Samuel Stockton announced that the Committee on Resolution was ready to report, and after several attempts the motion to accept the report was put, and the resolutions read and adopted.

In commenting upon them Mr. Stockton spoke of the hope entertained by the Republicans of carrying the county by the increased vote of Bristol, and thought now was the time for the colored men to act when their votes would count something before the Republican party in the county became so strong that they could afford to pay no attention to the colored vote. He referred to colored men being on the jury in Democratic Northampton county, and that there was one colored policeman in the same county. He was sorry more had not been said about the wants of their people for occupation in the factories and mills, that's what they wanted a chance to work at whatever they desired, like the white citizens; he alluded to brother Blake having been given work on the streets of the borough, through the influence of two Democrats who were in the Council, without any solicitation, and making one hundred dollars by the operation; "didn't you brother Blake?" he inquired; and the brother promptly replied, "yes, two of 'em," and then following Stockton, Henry arose and told all about the nice little contract which was given him by Doctors Rousseau and Groom, who were members of the street committee and now that the latter was a candidate for the office of "examiner of dead men's carcasses" he was going to support him in preference to the other candidate who, while professing to be a Republican, would not leave his house in a case of urgent need, to visit a colored woman who was sick, because he never left home before seven o'clock in the morning; he was going to help the man that helped him, although he was a Democrat. That's the kind of man he was.

Elder Grimes arose to a point of order, that this was not a convention to elect county officers, but there was so much confusion getting the refreshment tables ready, that the point of order was lost in the disorder, and has not yet been found. Samuel B. Stockton, J. Omer, of Langhorne, and Thomas Reynolds, of Doylestown were appointed to carry the resolutions to the Judge and Jury Commissioners, after which the meeting adjourned sine die.

The convention thought it not courteous to have the resolutions printed before they were presented to the persons they were intended for, so they are withheld for the present.

—Nearly 3,000 cases of Lancaster county tobacco passed through Reading last week on the way to New York.

THE ROD AND THE GUN.

Matters Original and Compiled Relating to Shooting, Fishing, Natural History, and the Protection of Fish and Game.

EDDINGTON, October 30th, 1877.

Editor Rod and Gun Column:—I learn that one of the resolutions adopted at the last meeting of the State Sportsmen's Association, was to the effect that the close season for wild turkeys, quail, grouse and woodcocks be from January 1 to October 15, thus doing away with summer woodcock shooting, and that sections relating to squirrels and rabbits be stricken out. This resolution was offered by a man from Beaver county who knows nothing at all of what is wanted on this side of the Alleghenies. If summer woodcock shooting is made unlawful there will be a good deal of illegal gunning done in the State, for the gunners will not put up with this Beaver gentleman's nonsense. It is my opinion, Mr. Editor, that there are not over a dozen men in this highfalutin State Sportsmen's Association, and one half of them do not care for anything but their own county and their pockets. It is necessary that the gunners who do not want a stop put to summer gunning should ventilate the subject in your paper and in every other paper which allows us space for our favorite pastime. The members of the Legislature will then know the views of their constituents, and I am satisfied that the members from Bucks county, as well as our honored State Senator, will do exactly as they feel will be best for those whom they represent. There are a great many gunners in Bucks county who are pleased with your column but they are backward in expressing themselves. If they do not want to write for the paper they can at least write to Senator Yerkes or the members of Assembly and give their views on this matter.

All such bills go before the committee on Agriculture and as soon as that committee is announced at the coming session every man who wants to see woodcock lawfully shot on the fourth of July should write to the members of the committee. Those who abide the law will stand by what is done by the Legislature, and their guns will grow rusty at home while others are killing all the birds. Pheasant shooting ought to commence in September in my opinion, they can get away from a load of shot then about as fast as they can in October, but I am willing to stand this part of the law. I ask all who are fond of a holiday at the innocent and healthful sport of gunning to stir themselves about this thing. C.

—We call attention to the advertisement of Dudley & Co's pocket loader. It is an ingenious contrivance, very handy for loading cartridges when away from home.

—A correspondent of the *Field* says:—Perhaps it may be of general interest, and also throw some light on the habits of that delicate bird, the snipe, to know what he eats. He has no crop for us to gain any post mortem information from, and all we can arrive at on this point is by catching the gentleman with his dinner, or lunch, in his mouth.

About ten days ago, I came suddenly upon a little patch of water in a slough, and being hidden by some tall, intervening grass, observed three snipes feeding—they must have heard me, for they ran under cover and crouched like plovers do sometimes. I stood still, and shortly they went to work again probing for food. I shot one fellow sitting, to make sure of him just as he probed, and bagged a second as he flew up. In the bill of the first, I found a small, hairy kind of tough worm, about an inch and a quarter long. In the bill of the other I found a leech.

This week I was again out on the same slough and had poor luck, but out of ten birds bagged I found a leech about three inches long alive and wriggling between the mandibles of one. The next morning the girl, in plucking the birds, jolted a somewhat smaller leech out of the throat of another snipe: this leech, too, was yet living, and I have put him in a glass of water to see if he will revive; if so I will find out his name and pedigree and let you know.

Thus is the chain of nature never ending—the snipe sucks down the leech, we put down the snipe, and by and by when too much snipe on toast and other luxuries has given us abscesses on the liver, leeches suck down the rank and superfluous blood. I had no idea that the gastric juices of the snipe could convert leeches into such toothsome morsels as themselves.

The "First" in Essex.

We give the following to our readers because it relates the doings of a gun and charges utterly at variance with our ideas of means of making bags.

"Saturday, the 1st of September, was ushered in by a most splendid morning, and the day throughout proved of a most delightful kind; in short, it was a regular "first"—not a cloud, yet a nice breeze, and the weather neither too hot nor too cold. We were simply charmed with our outing. There are, however, no roses without thorns, and I began shooting, through a misunderstanding, fully an hour later than I ought. The plain fact was simply this: we had agreed, my friends and I, that they should drive over from Southend, where they were staying, to Pitsea, the station where I would alight at, and we would all drive together, then to the happy shooting ground. Judge then of my astonishment when I arrived at the station to find that no conveyance was there waiting for me. Inquiries elicited no information whatsoever from the railway officials, so that evidently my friends had left me in the lurch. I was heartily disgusted, but as it turned out, it could not have been helped—at least so they said; but the plain fact was, they were in such a hurry to begin that they thought the job of fetching me a waste of time. Such is life.

However, I soon arranged matters by ordering a trap from a neighboring hotel, and, with nearly an hour's delay, I eventually reached the farmhouse. I had brought two guns down, my little 20-bore choke, Reilly, for the sport in hand, and my 4-bore single for an eventual trip on the Blackwater. The railway porters, however, who were not "in the swim," eyed the latter tremendous instrument with a strange mixture of awe and amusement; and one of them, in handing it into the trap, remarked to the driver thereof, in a knowing manner, that "that 'ere gun ought to fetch the birds down anyhow." With which sentiment, in my innermost soul, I fully agreed, with a reservation however, as to what sort of birds. The idea that a man intended going shooting partridges with a 4-bore gun, had something extremely "rich" in it, I consider; and certainly that porter ought to be promoted. Howbeit, the drive was simply delicious; but I did not like to sit there still whilst all around me an incessant popping was going on; and when I reached the farmhouse my feelings were slightly soured.

"Wait until I get fairly under weigh, though," thought I, "with dog and gun, and I will walk into them then, I know."

With these highly promising sentiments, I hastily took the 20-bore, gave a farm lad my cartridge bag to carry, pocketed a dozen cartridges for immediate use, walked down to get the wind, slipped my retrieving setter Shot in the large stubble behind the house, and we began with a grand point on a Frenchman. The dog was going in grand style, when, crack! He switched his head and shoulders round, and there he stood in a half-circle, as stiff as a broomstick. The little boy had never seen anything of the sort before, and he also became very stiff, staring at the dog, perfectly petrified, as though backing him.

"What do you think of that, my little man?" said I.

"Dunno, sir," replied he, with sparkling eyes "Has he got a bird?"

"Aye, aye, that he has, boy, I will stake my head on that."

And walking up to the point, up got an old Frenchy, to whom I at once directed three-quarters of an ounce of No. 8 shot, and I warrant his troubles did not last very long after he got it.

Shot thereupon went to the defunct, and, by way of a lark, and "for auld lang syne" presumably, he mouthed him, then put him down, and then sniffed at him with evident satisfaction.

Quoth the boy: "That's a nice dog sur; ain't he clever?"

And for two pins I verily believe he would have kissed the dog. In fact, I would not like to swear that he did not.

"You will be very tired by and by," I then said to him.

"Not I, sir," said he, "I would like to do nothing else all my life but go about like that, carrying your bag; and I hope the guv'nor will let me go to-day, anyhow."

But in this the boy was disappointed, for the "guv'nor" turned up, and, after a very warm greeting—for he and I are great chums—he sent the boy to mind some horses, and took the bag himself.

Boy very sorrowfully went his way, extremely slowly. Meanwhile Shot had gone on with his ranging, and not seeing him anywhere, I walked down the field and found him again on point, near a strip of standing barley. No need of calling out "steady" to him. He knows as well as I do what his duties are, and he remains as staunch as a rock, not even turning his eye toward me as he sometimes does. The case is therefore urgent, and, without loss of time, "Wildfowler" closes with the game. Up they get,—cock and hen and fifteen youngsters, all in prime fettle and condition. The cock, wishing to show the way to his *confreres*, went ahead, and showed them the way to my gamebag—the proper way to go after all. The hen, however, got mixed up somehow with five or six of her youngsters, and so I had to pick out a "tailer" and floored him. Said tailer is only wounded, however, and scampers away amidst the standing crop.

"Hie, lost, good dog! Hie, lost!"

Shot wastes no time, goes down on a range, hits the scent, comes up wind, head high, and feathers along at speed, then he reaches the hedge, comes to a point.

"Seek dead! old boy, seek dead!" I shout to him, and, with a plunge has got the bird and comes with it, putting it alive on the ground before me, and as it flutters and tries still to escape, the cunning old fox puts his paw on it to prevent its flying away. I pick up the bird kill it, bag it, and then go for the other one, which we find on its back quite dead.

The farmer had looked on quite critically, but he admits that all this had been very pretty work indeed.

We then go up to another field across the road, and up the hill. As we climb over the gate, a dozen birds rise and go away. We try to mark them, but they literally go out of sight.

"Strong ones, this year, eh?"

"Very," replies my companion.

"Let us see, now," I go on; "there are my friends yonder. I will beat this field, and join them."

"Very well," says he, "I will walk along the hedge here, and will meet you at the corner of the field."

"Right you are," I reply, and we part.

"Fire away, Shot," and I waive my hand. Down the field goes the dog, and as he is going well extended, he suddenly faces the wind, and—there you are, by Jove!—another point! I turn round and call the farmer's attention to that fact by pointing with my gun in the dog's direction. The farmer thereupon stops, and, being thus sure of an "audience," I went to the point. A brace got up, and bang, bang! the said brace come down—one bird was quite dead: the other one, only wounded, squats in a furrow and looks about him. I, making sure that the dog would nab it, walk toward it leisurely whilst I am extracting my empty cases, and Shot comes along at a gallop to see what is up in that quarter, when lo! to my great astonishment, and I may add profound disgust, the bird, on seeing the dog, gets up, and rises on the breeze, flying quite over the hedge, and goes away, whilst I, with my gun unloaded look on open mouthed. Farmer is delighted, of course, and roars with laughter. Such is human kindness.

It served me precious well right, though. The idea of a fellow going to pick up a bird or, for the matter of that, walking on at all, when his gun is not loaded, is simply absurd; and, as I said before, I got what I really deserved. I did not use to be so simple in former days; but then, on a "first," you know, one is always slightly in a flutter more or less. However, as the bird had quite gone, and we could not mark it, we, perforce, gave up going to look for it, and went on.

In the next field I met my friends, and, after mutual explanations, we went on altogether into a large grass field, where we made sure of getting fine sport.

The worst of it was, many of the crops were still uncut, and, of course, the vast majority of the coveys had taken shelter therein; and, as we could not go through these fields to rout them out, why they were very safe there, and seemed to appreciate that fact so highly that they would not move from them—no, not if they knew it.

Howbeit, in tall grass, and a large field of it, birds were bound to be, and there were some.

First of all a single bird rises to the right. Bang! from one of my companions. Dead bird. Two then get up at the noise between my next neighbor and I, and we floor one each. Then a fourth bird gets up a tremendous way off. I fire my second barrel at it, and,

"By Jove," says my chum, "it is down! What gun are you firing with?"

"My 20-bore Reilly."

"20-bore?" he exclaims.

I nod assent.

He then comes to me.

"Let me look at it," says he.

I hand him the little instrument, and he looks at it with astonishment, whilst the other two crowd around.

"Well," he says, at last, "all I can say is, I could not have believed it had I not seen it, that's all."

"Ah! many more like you," I rejoin; "but, you see, seeing is believing, eh?"

"Yes," he replied, reflectively. "And let me look at your Schultze cartridges."

"I give him one. He turns it over, and mentally weighs it.

"What's the load of shot?"

"Three-quarters of an ounce, number six."

They look at each other and smile.

"Well, then, you must hold precious straight," they unanimously exclaim.

And I dare say I do; but, all the same, I imagine that three-quarters of an ounce of shot somehow ought to be sufficient for any game. At any rate, I have with that load killed curlews and other tough sea birds, as well as hares, rabbits and partridges; therefore, as "the proof of the pudding is in the eating," and I kill well with a 20-bore and three-quarters of an ounce of shot, why should not anyone else do the same? And, moreover, consider the saving in the weight and cost of the ammunition.

Well, after a thorough inspection of the gun and a complete cross-examination as to its weight, price, degree of choking, etc., we resumed sport, and got on very well on the whole considering the lateness of the crops. However I have no doubt that, when the harvest will be fairly done with, the gun will be still more enjoyable, although of course, the birds will be wilder.

Still, with a good, staunch dog, well broken and free from chase, and the use of a choke bore, there is no reason why good bags should not not be made even then, and I, for one, anticipate grand sport as soon as the harvesters will have done their work. To resume now about the "first"—we struck work about half-past five, all done up, being, I suppose, not quite in such condition and trim as one ought to be, and after a hasty tea at the farm-house we jumped into our dog-carts and rattled away to Southend, where we spent the Sunday at Royal.

In the afternoon, we departed for some fresh shooting ground on the other side of the Blackwater; but our adventures there, lasting over two days, will need a fresh paper, and I therefore must now pull up.

On the whole, I enjoyed my "first" exceedingly, and my experience of a 20-bore choke on partridges proved very eminently satisfactory.—*Snap Shot in Country.*

[Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.]

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 29, 1877.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—During the lull of the past week in Congress awaiting the announcement of the House Committees, the monotony of things was very emphatically dispelled by the action of the Pennsylvania Republican delegation in Congress upon a presumed invitation to select a person from their State to fill the English Mission. The more said about it in the newspapers the greater the muddle, for the newspaper stories have been confined solely to speculation, or to the imperfect version given by the members of Congress who were led into the matter under a misapprehension of the facts. When it was first determined by the President and Secretary of State to make the appointment from Pennsylvania, the object was to make some recognition of that State as Republican in politics and important in commercial and industrial enterprise. It was also considered that the State was entitled to something at the hands of the Administration, as it had no representation in the Cabinet. When the subject was first broached, a suggestion was made looking to a complimentary nomination of ex-Senator Cameron. This however, was not favorably received—it being observed by the President and by the Secretary that they regarded such a nomination unwise for two reasons; first, that the mission was one of too great importance to be made a matter of merely complimentary recognition of long public service; and secondly, on the ground that questions which would come up in the course of diplomatic negotiation under the present Administration, between the United States and Great Britain, though not calculated to endanger the friendly relations of the two governments, would be such as would preclude the designation of a complimentary nomination. In the meeting of the Pennsylvania delegation at Senator Don Cameron's house on Monday last, these important facts seem to have been ignored or unknown. The calling of the delegation together was the Senator's act, without suggestion from the Secretary of the State, as the former admits. In this gathering the names of Wayne MacVeagh, Judge Agnew, W. H. Armstrong, Associate Justice Strong, and Morton McMichael were mentioned and overruled, when an agreement was effected upon ex-Senator Simon Cameron.

In an interview between several of the members of the delegation and the Secretary of the State, at which your correspondent was present, the consultation which took place with the President and Secretary in which a complimentary nomination to ex-Senator Cameron was excepted from the list, first became known to them. They both admitted that that would have had an important bearing, had it been known to the entire delegation, and might have averted the embarrassing position in which they now find themselves.

The Pennsylvania delegation were invited to assemble at the house of Senator Don Cameron, to re-open the question. Those members not fully in accord with the Cameron influence in Pennsylvania, saw that an opportunity was offered them to inflict a blow which would not only clip the power of the young Senator, but which might result in his complete downfall. When the delegation assembled, the gentlemen who had heretofore opposed the Cameron influence, very strange to say, immediately espoused their cause and proposed the selection of ex-Senator Simon Cameron. This disinterested kindness was too overwhelming to Senator Don's weak nerves, and he retired from the room from motives of delicacy, to allow the discussion of the proposition to be uninfluenced by his presence. In a few moments the *coup de etat* was accomplished, and the young statesman was requested to return, when he was informed of the result.

A resolution was adopted directing himself and Mr. Kelley to communicate to the Secretary of State what had been accomplished. When the Secretary of State received them at his residence on the same evening, he was not only astounded but mortified and chagrined. He had acted in good faith in the matter, but the course of the other side was such that he was convinced that they had omitted a very important consideration in the proceedings preliminary to this final act. The name of Simon Cameron was the last he supposed could be mentioned in this connection, his age if nothing else precluding his selection; but there were other reasons.

The Administration had set out with the work of Civil Reform, not only in Pennsylvania but in the other States, and in the disposition of foreign missions and the other patronage at their control, had this fact constantly in view. Ex-Senator Cameron therefore did not fill the bill.

In summing up the results, it can be said, that the rising young Senator from Pennsylvania has lost the opportunity of his life and compromised his relations with the Administration, as it is understood that in the disposition of the Federal patronage in that great State, hereafter he will not be consulted. It is singular that with his accredited political sagacity he should have committed so fatal a blunder. There is yet another chapter connected with this "*faux pas*," which will appear as circumstances may dictate.

During the past week there has been much caucusing amongst Republicans in Congress, from the different States, in order to discuss what they regard as an exceptional state of affairs between the Executive of their choice and themselves. The more radical are ready for any measures of offense, while the more conservative counsel inactivity for the present. There is every indication that the result of the Cameron dilemma will be to precipitate a conflict. The personal friends of the ex-Senator in the Senate appear to be in a very excited state of mind on the late misunderstanding of the wishes of the Administration to give the English mission to a Pennsylvania. Of the ex-Senator's firmest friends are those who are most bitter in their hostility to the President's course. It is proposed to solve the pending difficulty by nominating a Pennsylvanian, and let the responsibility of his rejection rest upon the Senate.

A source of much embarrassment growing out of the recent destruction of models in the Patent Office, is their restoration for the uses of the office. The law requires that when a case for re-issue comes up, the applicant must present the original model. This is to prevent infringing upon the rights of others. After the fire of 1835 the Government permitted the models to be restored by inventors, simply requiring sworn evidence that they were not duplicates. Several thousand models were thus restored, and the law required that after proper authentication they should be regarded as if they were originals. A recent examination of the ruins of the burnt portions of the Patent Office has elicted the important fact that some thousands of models can be restored sufficiently for the uses of office. It is proposed at once to clean these and proceed to their identification. One wooden model was found in the rubbish which had gone through the fire without even the label being destroyed. Notwithstanding the severity of the times the progress of invention has kept up with but very slight diminution, with the results of previous years. The receipts for the year ending October 1877, were $700,044, and disbursements $604,000 showing an excess of $104,954, in receipts. The number of patents applied for was 18,629, and issued, 14,272. Out of this difference (4,387) between the applications and the number issued, 4,271 were allowed but were not issued, on account of the inventors or their representatives being unable to pay the final fee.

The temporary roof over the west and north wings, or burnt portions of the Patent Office building, has been completed. As soon as Congress convenes in regular, session, an appropriation to construct a fire-proof roof will be asked. It is estimated that it will be asked. It is estimated that it will require about $200,000 for the purpose.

The government is extremely anxious that Congress should promptly appropriate for a representation at the Paris Exposition next year. The limited time now left for preparation renders some action imperatively necessary. Secretary Fish simply turned the invitation of the French government, which dates back more than a year ago, over to Congress, where it was buried in the archives of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. Secretary Fish's hostility sprang from the supercilious manner in which our Centennial Exhibition was treated by the French Government. Their Director General they designated to have charge of the commission to the American Exhibition never visited this country, but turned the matter over to an under secretary of the French legation here, who, with Soummard, according to advices received here, spent most of his time in writing letters, villifying the American people, their manners and their morals, especially of the women. One of these letters, it will be remembered, appeared in a newspaper, and was the subject of correspondence with the French Government, and for which an apology was made. Secretary Evarts takes a different view of the matter. He thinks that the French Government made ample apology for the indecorous conduct of its commissioners, and therefore, in view of the important advantages to accrue to our industrial interests from a satisfactory representation at Paris, that invitation should be accepted. The more liberal element in both houses favor the recommendation of the President and Secretary of State, from which fact it might be presumed that a suitable appropriation will be made. The President has already intimated a determination to appoint General Joseph R. Hawley, of Connecticut, late President of the Centennial Commission, to the proposed office of Commissioner General.

Notwithstanding the probability that the extra session will continue until the time fixed by statute for the regular annual meeting of Congress, there is no disposition on the part of the President to transmit any other business than that embraced in his message. D. D.

☞You need not neglect your business when troubled with a cough or cold, if you only use a reliable remedy at once. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the best remedy we know of. Price only 25 cents.

☞Foster & Son have a splendid assortment of 18 K Rings, also Stone Cameo, Amethyst and other fine set Rings. Jewelry in all its variety, which we guarintee to sell cheaper than you can buy them in the city.

☞Something we can talk about. A genuine American Watch, Solid silver cases for $12.00. Ladies American Watches, Solid Gold Cases, $35.00, with all grades of American Watches very low, and warranted to give satisfaction.

JOS. H. FOSTER & SON, Bristol, Pa.

☞A question frequently asked by many persons who are themselves reliable, and wishing to deal with a reliable establishment, "Where can I buy a good Gold Watch and Chain for a lady or gentleman, that is worth the money I pay for it?" Any one who has dealings with Cook & Jaques, of Trenton, will say by all means go there. They have a choice stock of everything belonging to a Jewelry store. Their stock is new and fresh, and prices as low as the quality of goods will permit. They have been established since 1852, and everybody can rely on them for anything they want from Silver plated Wares to sterling Silver Table Wares. Silver and Gold Watches, Chains, Lockets, Necklaces, and even Engagement and Wedding Rings. To make all happy go see them.

☞SHOPPING BY MAIL.—Of late years it has become very popular with the ladies resident at a distance from the city, to do all their shopping by mail. A letter is addressed to some reliable dry goods house, requesting samples of the kinds of goods desired. When these arrive, a selection is made, an order sent, and the goods are at once forwarded at the lowest city prices. Thus the expense, trouble and fatigue of going to the city is entirely avoided, and ordering by mail is quite as satisfactory as purchasing at the counters. One Philadelphia house that devotes a very careful attention to this peculiar branch of the dry goods business, is that of the popular and reliable one of Strawbridge & Clothier. This firm has a department organized expressly for this class of business, and they assure us that the most prompt and careful attention will be given to all favoring them with their orders, or requesting samples.

☞For cheap clothing go to Tyler's. Next door to the Post Office.

☞For clothing made to order from samples, go to Tyler's. Next door to the Post Office.

☞For cheap hats go to Tyler's. Next door to the Post Office.

☞Dobbins' starch polish, which gives that brilliant polish peculiar to fine laundry work, is for sale in Bristol, at J. Wesley Wright's store. It costs but little to try it.

MARRIED.

MONTGOMERY—BELLIS.—October 25, 1877, by Rev. J. S. Cook, Mr. Charles E. Montgomery and Miss Martha Anna Bellis, all of Bristol.

JOHNSON—CROSS.—In Camden, N. J., September 9, 1877, Mr. James Johnson and Miss Elizabeth Cross, both of Bensalem.

Bucks County papers please copy.

ALLIS—THOMPSON.—October 24th, 1877, at the Second Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, by the Rev. E. R. Beadle, D. D., and the Rev. J. H. M. Knox, D. D., Dr. Oscar H. Allis to Julia W., youngest daughter of the late Judge Oswald Thompson.

DIED.

JARVIS.—In Bristol, October 31, 1877, MARY D., wife of Samuel Jarvis, in the 36th year of her age.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from St. James Church, on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

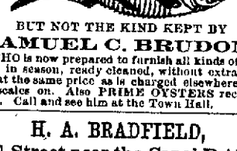
New Advertisements.

Orders taken for early Spring Cabbage,

AND CAULIFLOWER PLANTS. Seeds sown in the Fall and plants grown under glass, and will consequently be perfectly hardy and ready to set out as early as the ground is ready in the Spring. Engage your Early Plants in advance.

J. W. CORNELL & CO.,
Draining Tile, Seed Store,
88 Warren Street, Trenton, N. J.

This is an Odd Fish!



BUT NOT THE KIND KEPT BY

SAMUEL C. BRUDON,

WHO is now prepared to furnish all kinds of Fish in season, ready cleaned, without extra cost, and at the same price as is charged elsewhere with the scales on. Also PRIME OYSTERS received daily. Call and see him at the Town Hall. 75

H. A. BRADFIELD,

Mill Street near the Canal Bridge,
AGENT FOR
Decker Bros., Steck, Bradbury and Haines Bros.

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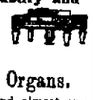


and

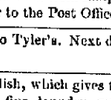
The Mason & Hamlin Organs.

Prices cheap as the cheapest, and almost any make of instrument obtained very low.

A complete stock of VIOLIN STRINGS. Best Italian-Strings, $1 per set, sent by mail on receipt of price. Also Musical Publications of all kinds, Sheet Music, Books, etc.

Singer's Improved Sewing Machines
For sale—down to $30. Call and see them. 74

PUBLIC SALE.



PURSUANT to an Order of the Orphans' Court of the City and County of Philadelphia, will be sold at PUBLIC SALE, on FIFTH-DAY, ELEVENTH-MO. 22d, 1877, on the premises, in the village of Mechanicsville, Twenty-Third Ward, Philadelphia, the following described REAL AND PERSONAL PROPERTY, late of Jos. Gaffney, deceased, to wit:

No. 1—Contains about Four and a Half Acres of Excellent land, upon which is erected a substantial 2½ story Stone House with Frame Kitchen attached, a large Stone Barn and Wagon House, all in good repair. There is a never-failing well of water both at house and barn, also a Young Orchard. A very desirable property. Sold subject to Mortgage of $400.

No. 2—Contains a 2½ story part stone and part frame House and garden, a well of good water. House suitable for two families. Nos. 2, 3 and 4 sold subject to Mortgage of $400.

No. 3—Contains 1¼ story Frame House, and Shop and Garden.

No. 4—Is a Building Lot and Good Orchard in prime of bearing, adjoining Nos. 2 and 3, and will be sold seperate or together as will best suit purchasers.

☞The above properties have all been put in good repair within a few years, and are well worth the attention of persons desiring to invest in Real Estate. Situated in the thriving village of Mechanicsville, 8 miles from Cornwell Station, Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad, 3¼ miles from Andalusia Landing, on the Delaware river, convenient to Schools, Churches, Mills, Stores, &c. Also, at the same time and place the following PERSONAL PROPERTY, to wit:—One

LIFE'S YEAR.

BY KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

What do the changing seasons bring?
Full nests the storms will render mute,
And blossoms over-thick for fruit;
Too soft a breeze, too blue a sky,
A day the morrow shall deny;
The fickle, fair, delusive Spring!

What do the flying seasons bring?
The tumult of the thronging sense;
The leaping blood, untamed, intense;
A fire that strikes through heart and brain;
A fierce delight that grows to pain,
And Summer's bloom that hides a sting!

What do the passing seasons bring?
Ripe fruit that withers in its prime;
Strong grain that drops at harvest-time;
The splendid colors of decay;
The fever-wasted Autumn-day
In its gay mantle shivering!

What do the fleeting seasons bring?
A lifeless desert, pale and vast,
With frozen silence overcast;
Forgotten dreams of long-ago
Buried beneath the Winter's snow—
And, far beyond, a hope of Spring!

PERSONAL.

—A Chinese lawyer has been admitted to the London bar.

—Mrs. Gen. Sherman continues her crusade against round dances.

—Historian George Bancroft has settled in Washington for the winter.

—Gen. Grant does not expect to return to the United States before December, 1878.

—John Roach & Sons, builders, at Chester, Pa., pay out in wages about $22,000 weekly.

—Theodore Tilton, it is reported, recently called upon his wife and remained several hours.

—Speaker Randall's friends are boosting him towards the Presidency, and a groan arises from Indiana.

—The present House of Representatives at Washington contains one hundred and seventy-five lawyers.

—Mr. Dell Noblit, Sen., of Wilmington, Del., celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of his birth on the 10th ult.

—Speaker Randall gives an example of economy in living. His house in Washington is a neat, but small and plain one.

—The oldest ex-member of Congress now living is the Hon. Artemus Hale, of Bridgewater, Mass. He is ninety-five.

—The new chaplain of the House, Rev. Dr. John Poisal was once a shoemaker in West Virginia, and studied theology in his spare hours.

—Felipe Iturbide, a Philadelphian, and grandson of the late Emperor Iturbide, of Mexico, was married recently to Miss Elena Idaroff, of Spain.

—Gen. James Longstreet, now living quietly at Gainsville, Ga., has been writing a review of the battle of Gettysburg—giving a new view of that affair.

—Ex-King Amandeus, of Spain, intends to enter a cloister. The death of his wife was a great blow to him and his intense grief for her is said to be the cause of his wishing to lead a secluded life.

—Wagner is described in a private letter as walking about Rome with a stove-pipe hat on the back of his head, looking at pictures in a wondering child like fashion, asking no questions and avoiding conversation generally.

—Clara Louise Kellogg was sued in San Francisco for an alleged breach of contract to perform there ten years ago, the plaintiff, Signor Blanchi, first claiming $3,000 damage, but at the last moment throwing off all but $200. The case was dismissed.

—Mr. Whittier, it is reported, wishes to buy his old family homestead; but, like the majority of literary men in America, he has not "put money in (his) purse" rapidly enough to permit this. It is to be hoped that the latter clause of this report is untrue.

—Dr. Dodds is the Mary Walker of St. Louis. She is a regular physician, well-to-do, and wears a dress unlike any other—a man's trousers, confined rather closely at the bottom, an odd-looking garment in place of a coat, and a hat which is neither male nor female in character.

—Mrs. Custer has written a very pretty letter to Hood's Texas Brigade, acknowledging their resolutions honoring her husband's memory. She says: "It seem to prove the higher and better nature of men when soldiers can admire the heroism of each other, when differing in sentiment and belief."

—Gov. Nicholls, of Louisiana, being asked by a Chicago interviewer his views on the political situation, replied that the cotton and sugar crops were good; that in Louisiana there is less crime than there has been for twenty years past; that party lines have been broken down and politics are forgotten in fraternization and business.

—The unpublished life of General Grant written by his father, Mr. Jesse R. Grant, is in the possession of the Connecticut State librarian. This manuscript gives a new version of the way in which young Grant got his name of Ulysses; it says that the name was one of a lot drawn from a hat when his parents were debating what to call him.

—Mr. Lawrence Barrett is reported from Cincinnati to have played Mr. Howells's character of *Bartlett*, in "A Counterfeit Presentment," with excellent effect. He made the painter a very agreeable and lovable fellow, and pleased his audience exceedingly. The little piece appears to have been successful—even beyond his expectations, Mr. Barrett telegraphed to Mr. Osgood.

—Mr. W. H. Herndon, Mr. Lincoln's former law partner, whose attempted suicide by laudanum was reported a short time ago, writes, contradicting this statement with a genial particularity. "I never attempted to commit suicide," he says; "never took laudanum; am well, happy, hearty, doing well, and hope to live just one hundred years, and to do good to my fellow-man to the end."

—Another of the friends of the Prince of Wales—Lord Suffield—is in trouble. He has lost nearly all his money, and is obliged to give up his place near the Prince's person. Lord Suffield is the elder brother of Maj. Harbord, who was turned out of a London club for cheating at cards, and who distinguished himself also by eloping with a wealthy young woman who left her dying husband for the society of the fascinating sharper.

—Miss Frances E. Willard complains that the Boston papers have misrepresented her attitude toward denominational questions in co-operative temperance movements. She holds that the women's temperance movement should not be limited by any denominational lines whatever, and that it should welcome to its ranks any person of reputable life who chooses to go into a work the basis of which is prayer, the Bible, and the temperance pledge.

—Mme. Essipoff, the Russian pianist now in this country, is not quite twenty five years old, and the wife of Leschetizsky, director of the piano in the St. Petersburg Conservatory. She has the highest European reputation, and, like Von Bulow and Rubinstein, plays from memory all the works of her repertoire—some 200. Her specialty, if she can be said to have one, is Chopin, but she is perhaps unsurpassed in the breadth and scope of her interpretative powers.

—The last potograph of Thiers during his life was taken by an enterprising artist of St. Germain, who ambuscaded him as he was taking his morning walk. With great good nature the old statesman stood still, and gave the artist every chance to "take" him as he stood leaning against the balcony railings with a stout cane in his hand and wearing his traditional black coat buttoned to the throat, and a straw hat. The face is calm. When the negative was shown him, Thiers said, "My friend, my cravat is not very neatly tied, I shall come back some day and give you another sitting.

An Englishman wants his game to lie until it smells before it is fit for his palate. In other words, when it gets into just that condition where an American housewife would have it taken away and buried, it is ready to be eaten. And so with certain wild meats. The English are enormous consumers of sauces and jellies. The latter are made by the ton in London manufactories out of old hides, sheep and calf-skins, old kidgloves, buckskin breeches, horses' hoofs, scraps of leather, size and glue. During the Crystal Palace Exhibition in 1851, hides in London advanced cent per cent in price on account of the great demand for jellies in the refreshment rooms of the city. Cargoes, instead of being devoted to the uses for which they were imported, that of boot and shoe making, were bought up by the manufacturing confectioners for jelly-making. One could hardly understand, without this explanation, how it would be possible for the demand for an article of that kind to effect the price of shoes and articles made from leather.

Bees are fond of pleasant odors and bright colors, and, in the opinion of Sir John Lubbock, have been largely instrumental by fertilizing the beautiful flowers in increasing their numbers. The most lovely flowers, he states, have attracted bees, and consequently the finest blossoms of the year have been cross-fertilized each by the other. Thus, for century after century flowers have been growing more and more beautiful. From these tastes on the part of bees also it has in the course of long years come about that the plants which bloom by day have bright colors and a sweet smell. Similarly night plants, although as a rule colorless, are yet often powerfully scented, the reason being that they are fertilized by nocturnal moths which have a sense of odor fully as delicate as that of bees, and like bees, are fond of honey.

HOW TO GET RID OF POTATO BUGS.—A Whitehall farmer received a circular a while ago, stating that by remitting $1 a receipt would be sent that would prevent potato bugs from getting a foothold in his section. He sent the dollar for which he received the following receipt: "The potato bugs travel on the railroad track from place to place, and in the night only, when the trains are not running. If you will turn the switch at your railroad station, and place a hogshead of oil of vitrol at the end of each rail for them to tumble into as they leave the rails, you will effectually prevent the bugs from getting a foothold in your locality."—*Whitehall Times.*

The Venus of Milo is again a subject of discussion in the art journals of Europe. M. C. Doussault, a French architect, repeats a conversation which he says he held in 1847 with M. Brest, the Consul at Milo at the time of the discovery. M. Brest said that when the Venus was first raised from the earth he saw its two arms lying on the ground, and that one held an apple painted green and the other held some drapery; also that before the statue was raised he had seen that it stood on a narrow base, which would if true, put an end to the hypothesis of its having formed part of a group.

A party were enjoying the evening breeze on board a yacht. "The wind has made my moustache taste quite salt," remarked a young man who had been for some time occupied in biting the hair that fell over his upper lip. "I know it;" innocently said a pretty girl. And she wondered why all her friends laughed, "People are so childish," she remarked.

The old man who always responds at the wrong time is on hand at the Sterling camp ground this year as usual. Thursday evening a clergyman, referring to sinners in his prayer, used this expression: "We see them suspended over hell." "Glory be to God" rang out the response with all the enthusiasm of an old-time Methodist.—*Fitchburg Sentinel.*

An Amherst granger offered a young lady a bushel of potatoes if she would wheel them through the village at an hour when the students were loafing. She came to time, wheeled the potatoes home, and asked the granger to let her know when he had more to dispose of in that way.

"What," asked a youth, of an eminent philologist, "what, sir, is the meaning of this phrase: 'Modus operandi?'" and the great linguist, whose mind was saturated with the literature of ancient Greece and Rome, replied: "It is Latin for 'How the old thing works.'"

Signor Blitz, the conjuror, used to say that there were 33 of him amusing the public—that is to say, there were 32 other men who took his name and imitated his performances, often leaving unpaid bills for which he was sued.

Glass slippers have been produced at Vienna. Many a man when he reads this will recall the days when he would have escaped many a bodily smart had glass slippers been in vogue. —*Boston Transcript.*

When gold was 1.40, eggs were thirty cents a dozen. Now gold is only 1.02½, and a dozen of eggs cost thirty cents as usual. But perhaps the hens are too busy to read the quotations, and have'nt heard of the fall in gold.

Princess Louise of Lorne is a kindly little lady. When she leaves London she orders that the milk from two cows belonging to her shall be given daily to the Victoria Hospital for Children, of which hospital Her Royal Highness is patroness.

The mother of male twins, we learn from the Cincinnati *Times*, sings "The sweet boy and boy."

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I respectfully ask the readers of this paper to give me a call before going elsewhere,—all I ask is a trial. 696

THE FARMERS' FRIEND
GRAIN DRILL!
Sows all kinds of Grain, Grass Seed, and Phosphates,

Distributing very evenly; quantity easily changed without loose wheels, and is to-day the best drill made.

Champion in every contest.
Superior to all others.
Favorite wherever used.
SEE THE FARMER'S FRIEND BEFORE YOU BUY.

For sale by
L. L. WHITE,
887 Yardleyville, Pa.

TREES! TREES! TREES!
Fruit, Shade and Evergreen.

TO REDUCE OUR STOCK WE WILL SELL FOR CASH

Bartlett and Seckel Standard Pear Trees,
At $15 per One Hundred.

We would call the attention of persons wishing trees for street planting or for quick shade, to the Black Italian Poplar and Shipping Leaved Willow. For quick growth and beauty of appearance these two varieties of trees cannot be excelled.

JOHN SHERWOOD & SON,
1 mile below Schenck's Station, 2½ below Bristol.
775

BOUTCHER & SIMONS,
DEALERS IN
LUMBER, COAL;
WOOD, LIME, FERTILIZERS,
West Philadelphia Drove Yard Manure And Horse Stable Manure,
Cornwell's Depot, Bucks County, Pa.

BUILDING LUMBER of all kinds on hand, or furnished to order. COAL of the best qualities, and lowest rates. 553

LUTHER BOYCE,
CARRIAGE AND WAGON MAKER,
MORRISVILLE, PA.

PAINTING, TRIMMING, &c., promptly attended to at the shortest notice. Repairing neatly done. 28

GO TO THE NEW CASH GROCERY STORE
OF
JAMES WARDEN,
Corner of Pond and Penn Streets,
FOR YOUR
TEAS, COFFEES AND SPICES,
AND
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS
26 In general.

At J. Milnor's Store,
Corner of Wood and Washington Streets,
BRISTOL, PA.,
Can always be found a full line of
Fine Groceries and Provisions,
consisting in part of
DRIED BEEF, PREPARED HAM, BUTTER, LARD, TEAS and COFFEE,
And in fact, everything in the Grocery Line.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD,
Bread, Pie and Fancy Cake
BAKER,
Foot of Bath Street, near Canal Bridge,
BRISTOL, PA.

BALLS, Parties, Fairs and Festivals, furnished with ICE CREAM and FANCY CAKES at short notice and on reasonable terms. WEDDING CAKES baked and iced to order. 981

A. K. HOFF'S
BREAD, PIE AND FANCY CAKE
BAKERY,
NO. 28 MILL STREET,
Second door above Cedar; BRISTOL, PA.
All orders thankfully received and promptly attended to. 389

MISS MERRIAM'S
Family and Day School for Girls,
AT BRISTOL, PA.,

WILL REOPEN ON WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12th. A distinct Primary Department will be added to the school. For Circulars, address until September 1,
MISS A. MERRIAM,
715 Westborough, Mass.

For Sale.

ONE Seven per cent. First Mortgage of $800
One ditto of $1,000.
760 JOSHUA PEIRCE.

JOSEPH S. PEIRCE,
WASHINGTON STREET, BRISTOL, PA.
DEALER IN
COAL,
WOOD,
LIME,
SAND,
BRICK,
Curb & Building Stone,
TERRA COTTA PIPES,
Chimney Tops,
Garden Vases in variety.

WRIGHT & HAWKE,
No. 25 BATH STREET, BRISTOL, PA.,

DEALERS IN
COAL under cover,
well screened and picked.
Building Material of all kinds,
Including LUMBER, BRICK, LIME, HAIR, SAND, CEMENT, CALCINED PLASTER, CHIMNEY TOPS, &c.
Kindling Wood, dry and split ready for use.
Fertilizers constantly on hand.

In connection with the above established trade of Henry M. Wright, we have taken that of
GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED,
And are prepared to fill all orders promptly. 787

TRY FENTON'S FLOUR AND FEED,
AND
Coal and Wood,
NEAR THE HOLLOW BRIDGE,
BRISTOL, PA.

THE best quality of Coal and Wood at the lowest possible price for cash. Orders left at H. A. Bailey's store, or at my residence, 45 Radcliffe Street

Price List Coal Delivered.
STOVE COAL, - - - - - $4 75
CHESTNUT COAL, - - - - 4 25
Coal in Yard.
STOVE COAL, - - - - - $4 50
CHESTNUT COAL, - - - - 4 00
876 C. H. FENTON

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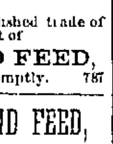
MARBLE YARD.
WILLIAM DAVIS,
Marble Cutter.
Having leased the lot at corner of
Market and Cedar Streets,
BRISTOL,



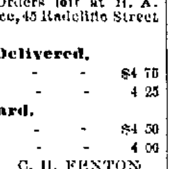
Is prepared to furnish all kinds of Marble Work, ELABORATE, SIMPLE or MASSIVE. Cemetery Lots Enclosed, in every style.

MONUMENTS AND HEADSTONES

As cheap as can be done elsewhere.

Give me a call, get my prices and look at my work before purchasing elsewhere. 780

MITCHELL & KIRKMAN,
MARBLE
and
Brown Stone
CUTTERS,



Foot of Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.
MONUMENTS, HEAD STONES and STONE CUTTING, in all its branches.
CEMETERY LOTS ENCLOSED, &c., &c. 773

GEORGE S. STONE & SON,
BRISTOL, PA.
(Formerly of Philadelphia.)
PLUMBERS,
STEAM & GAS PIPE FITTERS.
Also, Dealer in Steam Heating Apparatus, Hydraulic Rams, Lift and Force Pumps of all kinds.
Repair work solicited.

For the present, orders left at the East corner of Wood and Lafayette streets, or at the office of Livingston Mills, will receive prompt attention.
Reference: C. W. & J. Peirce. 689

Bristol Stove House,
18 MILL STREET, BRISTOL, PA.
Stoves, Parlor Heaters,
Furnaces, Ranges, &c.
SPRING CITY, CENTENNIAL, AND OTHER RANGES, to set in brick.
All Goods Warranted.

TIN ROOFING done at lowest cash prices.

Repairing in Tin, Sheet Iron, or Copper, attended to promptly. Give me a call.
THOMAS BARNARD,
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THE NEW WHEELER & WILSON, Straight Needle, Rotary Hook, Lock Stich are adapted to all kinds of family sewing, dress making, tailoring, shirts, collars, cloaks, skirts, mantillas, hats, caps, boots and shoes, umbrellas, parasols, etc. They work equally well upon woollen, cotton, silk or linen goods, with silk, cotton or linen thread. They will seam, quilt, gether, hem, fell, card, braid, bind, and perform every species of sewing, making a perfect stitch, alike on both sides, of the article sewed.
E. M. RICH, Agent,
Bath street, Bristol

I also REPAIR all kinds of Sewing Machines at short notice. 688

I. T. SMITH,
CARPET WEAVER,
No. 90 York St., Burlington, N. J.

I AM the oldest established weaver in Burlington, and my work is equalled by few and surpassed by none. Rag Carpets constantly on hand and for sale wholesale and retail. Highest price given for Carpet Rags. For weaving, 30, 35, 38, 40 and 45c. Wool Stripe, 50, 55, 60, 65c. A good variety on hand and for sale at 50, 55, 60 and 65c. [802

WILLIAM B. BAKER, M. D.,
DENTIST.
43 Radcliffe Street, Bristol.

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN BY THE USE OF NITROUS OXIDE GAS.
Satisfaction guaranteed in all operations. Artificial Teeth inserted in full or partial sets. 1074

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MILTON WEBSTER,
AT THE
Corner Mill and Cedar Streets,
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KEEPS always on hand a large supply of FRESH BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON, &c. Also, Smoked Hams, Bologna Sausage, Smoked Shoulders, and Prepared Meats of all kinds.
Special inducements given cash customers. 28

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Walnut St., bet. Cedar and Wood,
BRISTOL, PA.

D. G. MICHENER & SON,

KEEP constantly on hand all kinds of Fresh and Salt Meats, Vegetables, &c., at lowest rates for cash. We respectfully solicit a share of patronage from the citizens of Bristol and vicinity and our old customers generally, and by close attention to business hope to please. 830

New Tin Store---Up Town.
ROBERT WARDEN,
Corner of Penn and Wood Streets,
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TIN ROOFING AND SPOUTING. A general assortment of Tin Ware, Hollow Ware and Kitchen Utensils, always on hand. Jobbing of all descriptions promptly attended to. Prices to suit the times. 854

The Electro-Magnetic Mallet
Is used for filling teeth by
DR. G. W. ADAMS,
East Cor. of Radcliffe and Franklin Sts., Bristol, Pa.
889

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THE COMMERCIAL
Insurance Company
INSURES DWELLING HOUSES, STORES
&c., &c.,
(No hazardous risks taken.)
ON EITHER MUTUAL OR STOCK PLANS.

In the Mutual Plan the fees are fixed at a rate that will meet all expense and the average loss by fire. The policies being liable to assessment in case of extra losses.

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Full particulars given. Apply at office

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JAMES M. SLACK, PRESIDENT.
E. G. HARRISON, SECRETARY. 740

Bristol Mills.
FLOUR, FEED, LUMBER, COAL, &c.
ROGERS BROTHERS,
Successors to J. & A. Dorrance.

Flour
Fresh ground from the best of Wheat and promptly delivered to customers.

Feed
of all kinds constantly on hand and ground to order.

Lumber.
Seasoned White Pine Boards and Plank of all grades; Hemlock Boards, Joist and Scantling, Lath Pickets, Oak Posts, &c.
Sawed Hemlock Fencing of the best quality.
Bills for large, long or odd sized timber cut at our

SAW MILL
at the shortest notice from selected logs and at the lowest prices.

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Yellow and White Pine Flooring, Siding, &c. of the different grades, constantly on hand and made to order, which our facilities enable us to sell at very reasonable prices.

SHINGLES
In all the varieties as to size, quality and prices so that our customers cannot fail to be suited.

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Of the different sizes kept dry under our sheds, well screened and free from slate and dust.

WOOD
Ready Sawed for Summer use and very cheap CEDAR RAILS lower than usual.

Grain Bought
At the Bristol Mills, and the highest market price paid.
361 ROGERS BROTHERS.

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DOWN!
PRICES ON ALL GOODS REDUCED TO THE LOWEST FIGURE. CALL AND SEE.
J. S. THOMAS.
792

CARPETS
Washed and Scoured
INGRAIN CARPETS, 5 cents per yard.
BRUSSELS CARPETS, 6 cents per yard.
AT
Livingston Mills,
BRISTOL, PA. 821

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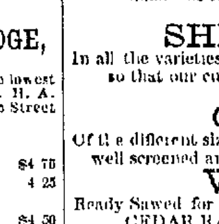

For Man or Beast.
The Great External Remedy

THIS Liniment is warranted to cure Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Corns, Wounds, Bruises, Sprains, Contusions, Headache, Chilblains, Gout, &c., &c. There is no Ache, Pain, Sore, Swelling, Injury, &c. in man or animal it will not cure. Sold by Druggists and Country Merchants everywhere. 25 & 50 cents a bottle. Laboratory, 324 South Fifth Street, Philadelphia.

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For sale by LOUIS A. BOGUET, Nos. 13 and 15 Mill St., and JOS. PARKER, 65 Mill St., Bristol.

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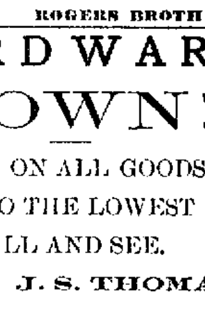
PUMP COMPANY,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers
in
CUCUMBER
WOOD PUMPS,
AND
WOODEN
DRAIN PIPE.



The Cucumber Pump as sold by us, is the best pump for the money.
428 Walnut St.,
PHILADELPHIA.
Send for Catalogue.
624

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R. S. & A. P. LACEY, Attorneys-at-Law
529 *Seventh Street, Washington, D. C.*

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We procure patents in all countries. NO ATTORNEY FEES IN ADVANCE. No charge unless the patent is granted. No fees for making preliminary examinations. No additional fees for obtaining and conducting a rehearing. Special attention given to Interference Cases before the Patent Office, Extensions before Congress. Infringement Suits in different States, and all litigation appertaining to Inventions or Patents. SEND STAMP FOR PAMPHLET GIVING FULL INSTRUCTIONS.

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Claims prosecuted in the Supreme Court of the United States, Court of Claims, Court of Commissioners of Alabama Claims, Southern Claims Commission, and all classes of war claims before the Executive Departments.

Arrears of Pay and Bounty.

OFFICERS, SOLDIERS and SAILORS of the late war, or their heirs, are in many cases entitled to money from the Government, of which they have no knowledge. Write full history of service, and state amount of pay and bounty received. Enclose stamp, and a full reply, after examination, will be given you without charge.

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All OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, and SAILORS wounded, ruptured, or injured in the late war, however slightly, are entitled to, and can obtain a pension.

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Contested Land Cases, Private Land Claims, Mining Pre-emption, and Homestead Cases, prosecuted before the General Land Office and Department of the Interior.

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We pay cash for Bounty Land Warrants, and we invite correspondence with all parties having any for sale, and give full and explicit instructions where assignments are imperfect.

We conduct our business in separate Bureaus, having therein the clerical assistance of able and experienced lawyers, and give our closest personal supervision to every important paper prepared in every case. Prompt attention thus secured to all business entrusted to us. Address

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Estate Notice.

ESTATE OF ANNA McELDERY, late of the Borough of Bristol, County of Bucks, deceased. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal demands against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement, without delay to ANTHONY SWAIN, Administrator,
15 Bristol Borough.

Estate Notice.

ESTATE OF JAMES TOWNSEND, late of the Borough of Bristol, County of Bucks, deceased. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal demands against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement, without delay to SARAH S. TOWNSEND,
And TACIE TOWNSEND,
54 Executors.

CORN HUSKER.
Does Three Men's Work. No cold or sore fingers. Can be used with or without gloves or mittens.—TAKEN 6 PREMIUMS.—One sample, 25 cts.; two for 45 cts., 5 for $1.00. City Novelty Co.
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83 Catalogue free. Agents wanted.

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